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All-American Honor Rating



Jamie Burford

Leopold Stokowski—Challenger

By Margaret Coit

"SO POWERFUL and great a people as we are," says Leopold Stokowski, in speaking of the "tremendous future" of American music, "must inevitably shake loose other musical idioms, and find a natural and most eloquent means of expressing our own national spirit and ideals. The rhythm of American life is totally different from the rhythm of other lands. Their rhythms are not adequate to the expression of our spirit . . . jazz is really our folklore and folkmusic."

"The American ideal of liberty and freedom," he continues, "is surely realized to the utmost in one thing, in the appreciation of beauty. Americans do make one demand, that what is given to them be the best of its kind. In this ideal at least the American audience is paramount to any other in the world. . . . I know of no people so tremendously eager for, so absorbed in music brought to them as Americans."

Such is Mr. Stokowski's opinion of American music and audiences; and American opinion of Mr. Stokowski is, that he is the perfect picture of what a foreign importation should be, temperamental, spoiled, and distinctly fascinating. A second glance, however, at the slender white-haired conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra adds another chapter to the book. For twenty-five years Stokowski has devoted himself to American music, its present and future, throwing challenges which reverberated in our national consciousness. When he speaks, and he speaks frequently, his words are alive with patriotic feeling for "our country," its glory and his love for it. Mr. Stokowski is one of the most American of our conductors, having not only many of the advantages which foreigners can give to America, such as a certain glamour, a continental air; but also a love for publicity, a sensationalism, and inborn traits of character which are comprehensible to every American.

In spite of his "precise, slightly exotic" English, Stokowski is not, contrary to public opinion, really Polish. He was born in London some fifty-odd years ago, of an Irish mother and a father who was a Polish political refugee. These facts are significant. Centuries of Polish oppression, the sufferings of persecuted people, and a fierce desire for freedom flow in the blood

of Leopold Stokowski's veins, as they do in the veins of thousands of our patriotic immigrants, becoming an integral part of our national spirit. As for his mother, the Irish inheritance that she gave him is also the inheritance of millions of Americans and has become a part of America herself, her humor, her fighting attitude, and her spirited temper. So Stokowski is not only a great musician with a variety of contrasts, but is perfectly comprehensible to the people of the United States.

Leopold Stokowski showed his musical talents at an early age. Before he was ten years old, he was familiar with the piano, the violin, the tuba, and the viola. Within a few succeeding years he had familiarized himself with every orchestral instrument, and at the age of fourteen had produced a composition which was sung at Saint Paul's Cathedral. By that time he had determined to be a conductor, the only music field large enough for the expression of a personality which could only lead and never follow. He attended the Royal College of Organists, and became a Fellow at Queens College, Oxford. There he majored in chemistry and athletics, with the emphasis on boxing, a fact which he now finds most embarrassing. At the completion of this schooling, he became the organist and director at Saint James Church, Piccadilly. A Few years later he was interrupted while playing football in the mud, and was invited to become the organist of Saint Bartholomew's Church in New York. So Leopold Stokowski came to America, a classically handsome youth, with brilliant blue eyes, a small sensitive mouth, and yellow curls, even then appearing young for his age.

In 1908 he left abruptly and went to Europe for a triumphant year of continental conducting. Upon his return to this country he immediately signed a contract with the Cincinnati Orchestra. This he directed so successfully that he was tendered the better position of conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic. Breaking his other contract, he accepted this offer in 1912.

As conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra Stokowski quickly rose to fame. He is a prophet with honor in the Pennsylvania metropolis; the masses adore him. Children like him because of

a concert in which he brought real elephants upon the stage, in order to amuse his young audience. Young people like him because of his liberality and his Youth Concerts, in which he encourages and aids the new generation of musicians. The workers admire him because he advocates cheap tickets for concert admissions and has fought the churches for the privilege of conducting Sunday concerts which the masses could enjoy. And not only do the people like him, but he likes people. He once said, "I do not believe that a man can be a great artist who is not a great lover of humanity. Once a man's soul has been touched into life, nothing can take from him his desire to express life, nothing at least, except death."

Although the Philadelphians love their orchestra, they are unemotional about it. This displeases Stokowski! He fears apathy more than anything else. On his weekly jaunts with the orchestra to New York, he became accustomed to tremendous applause, bravos, huzzas, and general enthusiasm. The mild responses of the home audiences then irked him; and he said, "This strange beating together of hands has no meaning . . . to me it is very disturbing . . . I do not like it . . . it destroys the mood created by our music." After this outburst, he was given the tribute of absolute silence—which he had requested.

The outbursts of temperament which Mr. Stokowski exercises upon the victims of his concerts are notorious. For years the stories have been told, of his rages both at his orchestra and at his audiences. He will stop in the middle of a selection to berate his hearers, angry if they applaud, or do not applaud; if they want lights, or do not want lights; if they cough, talk, or make any kind of noise. He enjoys delivering little speeches, telling the women to stop discussing their lingerie or babies and listen to the orchestra. He calls for applause, hissing, or absolute silence as his mood desires, and makes latecomers stand outside for forty-five minutes. And yet there is method in his madness; for behind that violently restless, energetic nature is a brain, both cool and clever—and ambition. His motto would seem to be, "It is better to be hated than ignored." Spoiled as he is, he yet feels that American audiences take too much, are too submissive. He believes that they should be appreciative of all kinds of beautiful music, but if they are truly antagonized they should express such emotions in the proper way, namely

by hissing.

Mingled with his temperament is his constant desire for change, and the painstaking care he takes with sound recordings. The true reasons for these are, however, that he has a wide scientific knowledge and an excessive fund of intense, dynamic energy. For a few years he has been satisfied to make changes within his orchestra. He put in young musicians, changed the seating arrangements in defiance of all rules of convention, and exercised his temper, although he never becomes as furious as does Toscanini. Of later years he has become more and more restless, and is almost obsessed with the idea of being different, of startling, and of experimenting with strange devices and unusual music.

Some years ago Mr. Stokowski decided to play a selection of a very wild type called "Jungle" by Weiner. He first politely explained it, and then invited those who desired to leave, to do so. To play the piece took thirteen minutes, and it was performed twice. The audience did not like it; so Stokowski played it twice at two succeeding concerts.

Stokowski loves modern music. He was the first conductor to play the compositions of Sibelius in America. He is determined to make modern music popular, so he has told a New York audience; and, furthermore, he promises them that he will continue to do so, as long as he has sufficient strength to hold a baton. He has since given up the baton, but he still plays the music, feeling that new, vigorous, modern music should be particularly enjoyed by a new, vigorous and modern nation. "People who object to modern music are using only one side of the brain. Don't resist or deride the beautiful of either the old or the new age," pleads Stokowski.

Concert audiences, unused to extreme and "debatable" music, hissed when Stokowski first appeared as a conductor, and played Stravinsky and Schoenburg instead of Mozart and Schubert. But after a while the ridicule ceased. The public began to realize that here was an expertly trained and beautifully toned orchestra, and a conductor whose fingers put electricity and fire into the slowest symphonic movements, as he conducted with imperiously graceful motions. The nation soon discovered that although Stokowski said that he was merely the agent of transmission, he was really the most interpretive of orchestra leaders. This fact has angered the conservative critics who believe that music

should be played exactly as the composers intended. In all cases, however, Stokowski's arrangements have been interesting, and he will never play music which he does not personally like; he hires a guest leader.

Stokowski likes mighty dramatic tones and sweeping effects, and in most of the compositions that he conducts there is much brilliance and great sensual and emotional beauty. These qualities are apparent in his arrangement of Wagner's "Lovedeath" from *Tristan*. One of Stokowski's worst musical weaknesses is a lack of repose and of formal logic. In compositions, he lingers over the appealing parts, rushes over others; and with a complete disregard for values usually has his intermissions in the wrong places. But he has the power of Toscanini in holding his orchestra in control, and in making it express his own vibrant individuality.

As for the different composers, he introduced the works of Sibelius, but does not always play them well. Tschaikovsky tempts him to weaken the light parts, and deepen the dramatic tones. With Bach and Brahms he excels. In Bach's music he is exceptionally clear and simple, finally working up to those powerful climaxes which are his specialties. He laboriously works out his own symphonic transcriptions from organ arrangements and has transcribed thirty-five Bach selections.

The great music that Stokowski gave his Philadelphia and radio audiences, he has also given to movie goers. He was eager to prove that the American film industry with its tremendous popular appeal and usefulness is also great art. His two films, "The Big Broadcast" and "100 Men and a Girl," won him fame as an excellent and magnetic actor and screen personality. He was not too highbrow to share honors in his first film with Benny Goodman, whom he very much admires; and he did successfully face the "great spiritual challenge" for which he went to Hollywood. The large Amer-

ican theater-going audience received a deeper appreciation of musical beauty after seeing and hearing his orchestra.

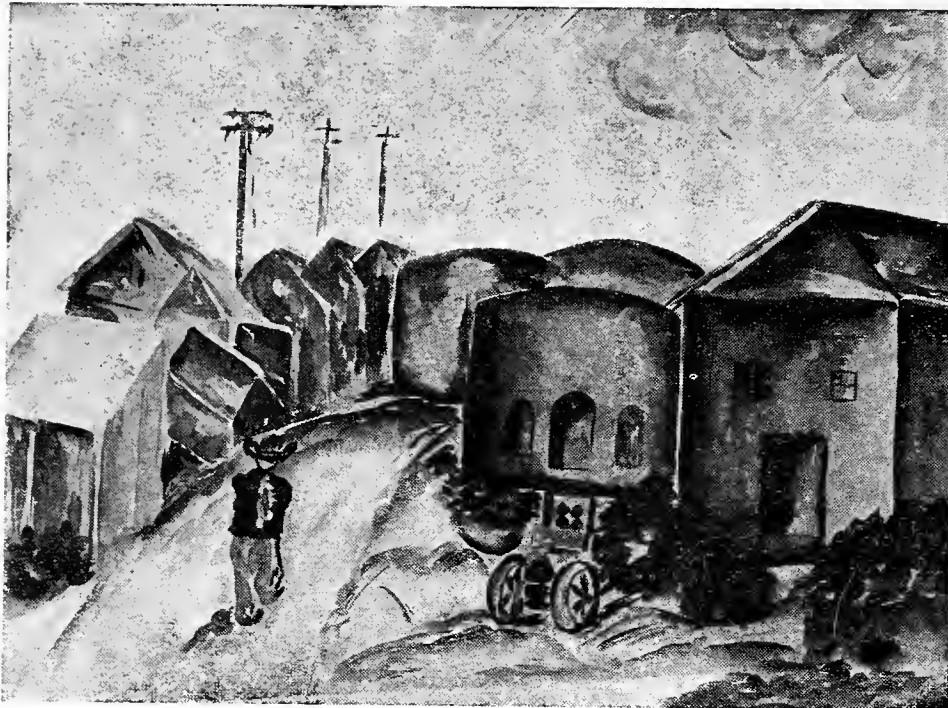
The pre-eminent factor in the life of Leopold Stokowski is his love for beauty, which manifests itself in his varied talents as painter, writer, and orator, as well as in his musical abilities. He soon expects to return to his California home and continue his work in behalf of the glorification of American music. At present he is enjoying a vacation abroad, where his name is being connected with that of the film star, Greta Garbo. His future ambitions, however, lie within the borders of this country. In the beauty of America as a nation, in her varied aspects of life, Stokowski finds rich material for the expression of his challenge to his fellow-citizens. He has expressed it in his own words. "In time, I am sure, we shall develop a deep and universal music expressed in our own national terms. When this happens, it is difficult to imagine how rich will be the variety of musical expressions in our country, because we have so many different types and conceptions of life . . . from the great forest lands of the Northwest, and the deserts of New Mexico with their Indian and Mexican coloring, to austere New England and restless Manhattan . . . Because art is life and truth, expressed through various mediums such as sound, color, or action, so our music of the future will be the true expression of these various aspects of our national life. Some day a genius will express them clearly and certainly."

Whether or not Leopold Stokowski lives to see the day when his dream for great American music is realized, he has made at least an indelible marker upon the national ideals for great music. With this challenge he blazes a trail for the people of the melting pot of the world to follow. Meanwhile he devotes his great talents to the continual enrichment of the present American musical offering.

SAD BEAUTY

*These willow trees that weep
Have made this lake with weeping.
Like man who finds a joy in sorrow
They admire themselves reflected in
Their tears.*

LELAH NELL MASTERS.



The Least of These

By Arlene Littlefield

Callie Braswell

DIRTY ole Portygee, dirty ole Portygee."

Gab did not pause in his steady plodding gait. He hunched the brown parcel higher under his arm and spat brown fluid from the corner of his mouth. The two small boys eyed him silently for a moment, and then they sidled closer.

"Gab's a dirty Portygee, dirty ole Portygee," they sing-songed. Malicious glee was stamped on their round, impudent faces but Gab ignored it. The boys stared silently for a moment, and then apparently wearying of the one-sided game, they wandered off, and Gab trudged on unmolested.

The unpaved road was carpeted with a thick dust that billowed up around Gab as he walked. It spread in a brown film over his ragged clothes and penetrated his nose and mouth with irritating particles. He paused now and then to wipe his begrimed face with a red bandana handkerchief that had seen better days. The sun poured down from a cloudless sky with a sickening, unrelieved heat, and its glare made the still air shimmer before Gab's narrowed eyes. Not a sound broke the Sabbath stillness except the muffled thud of Gab's feet on the dusty road.

At the corner of Oak and Main Street Gab

hesitated for a moment. He shifted the bundle to the other arm and wiped his face with the bandana. He glanced back over his shoulder at the road behind him. It was empty, and the dust that he had disturbed was settling slowly. The corners of Gab's mouth tightened, and he muttered softly, "Gabriel Cuehlo dirty." Then his face softened and he smiled, his white teeth gleaming in his dark, wind-roughened face. He threw back his shaggy head. "I wash all over two, three time a week. Dirty, bah!"

Gab walked more quickly as he neared the center of town. He did not want to see anyone if he could help it. Experience had taught him that it was better to avoid the villagers if he wanted to stay out of trouble. And since one of his countrymen had been caught robbing the lobster pots in the harbor, it had been even worse. But the usual crowd of Sunday loafers was congregated in front of the drug store, and they saw him before he could escape. Gab heard a murmur of laughter as he approached, and he gripped his bundle more tightly.

"We ought to do something about these damn immigrants. There ain't one of them worth the rope it'd take to hang 'em." The man's voice was loud and harsh, and the cruel words were spoken almost in Gab's ear.

"Been doin' any trap robbin' lately?" A roar

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of laughter followed these words, and Gab hurried out of ear-shot before they could accost him again.

Before a prosperous-looking house in the better part of town, Gab paused again. He brushed some of the dust from his clothes and turned at the stone walk leading to the back door. In answer to his hard rap, a thin-faced, middle-aged woman appeared in the doorway. Gab silently offered her the brown package and waited. She ignored it and called back over her shoulder into the house.

"Lu, it's that fish man. Did you order anything?"

Another hatchet-faced woman joined her in the doorway and looked distastefully at the neat bundle Gab was still holding out.

"It's the mackerel I ordered yesterday. I thought it would get here earlier. I haven't time to cook it now."

Gab looked down at his feet. He saw the hole where his worn sock showed through, and with difficulty he found his voice.

"You said a fresh one. I got no fresh one last night. I hadda get it this mornin'."

"Oh, I'll take it then. But you'll have to wait for your money. I'm going to church, and I haven't time to hunt change for you now."

She took the bundle and shut the door before Gab had a chance to reply.

He turned away dejectedly, mounting anger in his heart. He thought of the dusty four miles back to his shack on Spruce Point, and the anger grew. He wouldn't have minded the walk if he had had anything to show for it. He thought of the few pennies in his pocket and of the empty cupboards back in the shack. If he had the money the Dorr sisters and Mrs. Williams and many others owed him he wouldn't have to worry.

"I sell my fish to them, always fresh, but they never got the change."

"Don't you know enough to get out of the way when decent folks is on the sidewalk?"

Gab came back to the present with a jolt as a brutal hand landed against his shoulder, almost knocking him into the street. His arm came up defensively to ward off the second blow from a red-faced, bleary-eyed man. Gab knew Kenny Brewer and had managed to avoid him before. He knew Brewer's reputation as a cruel, quarrelsome bully who was known to beat his wife and children. Now he was

drunk, and Gab backed away.

"Yellow-bellied, eh? Don't wanna fight, eh? We'll see about that."

Another savage blow grazed Gab's cheek leaving an ugly welt. His round, black eyes blazed with sudden fury.

"I don't want no fight," he warned, "but you hit me again, and I forget you're drunk."

"Me drunk! Why, you damned Portygee, I'll show you who's drunk." His fists lashed out again. Gab ducked under the flailing arms, and his salt-hardened fist drove upward against the flabby jaw. The force of the blow lifted Brewer off his feet, and he fell backward heavily.

Gab did not even glance at the fallen man. Sudden fear for what he had done drove all thought of further revenge from his mind. He glanced up and down the street, but it was still and empty. Slowly the fear subsided, and he felt a surge of satisfaction. He glanced down at his bruised fist and chuckled softly.

"I sure hit him one good sock."

As Gab neared the church on the corner, he heard the bell begin to toll softly. There was something compelling about the clear notes as they rang out in the still air.

Gab hesitated at the foot of the granite steps and listened. Suddenly he was remembering another church, another softly tolling bell. When a boy in Portugal, he had gone every Sunday to the little white chapel on the hill. He remembered sitting on the hard, plank seats with his father and four brothers, listening to the low intoning of the priests. He could see again the rude statue of Mary over the door, the little wooden cross on the front gable, and the figure of the crucified Christ behind the altar.

Over Gab there swept a sudden nostalgia. He longed to be at home among his own people. He wanted to kneel again before the white shrine and bow his head before the kindly priest. With a strange new feeling in his heart, Gab climbed the steps, opened the swinging doors, and walked into the church. Heads turned as he entered but if he noticed, he gave no sign. His eyes were fixed on the front of the church. He felt somehow cheated. There was no shrine upon the altar, no statue against the wall, and the matter-of-fact voice of the minister as he rose to announce the first hymn was nothing like the beautiful, mysterious voice that Gab had listened to in his boyhood.

But when the music began, Gab forgot his

disappointment. The sound of the organ, and the voices rising with it erased everything else from his mind. He felt a sudden swelling of joy within him. At first he listened silently; and then as the music gripped him more and more, he joined in. He did not notice the fading out of other voices. In that moment he had become someone new. He was no longer "Old Gab, the fish pedlar," "the Portygee nigger," or "that dirty Portygee." He was Gabriel Cuelho, a man equal to other men.

As the music died away, Gab relaxed. His eyes were fixed on the minister's face. He felt that after the music the words must measure up in beauty. And for him they did.

When the service was over, Gab lingered in the church. He was loath to leave the one place where he had found complete happiness and peace. He watched the people as they passed him, feeling at one with them for the first time in his life.

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and he turned slowly to face the minister.

"We're very glad to have you with us today." The words were kind and friendly, and so was the hand that clasped Gab's work-roughened one. Gab could not speak. There was a surging gratitude within him that choked back the words. He returned the clasp with a force that expressed all the words he could not say, and then he turned quickly and walked out into the air.

There was a large crowd gathered outside the church as Gab emerged, but he did not try to avoid them. With his head held high he started down the steps.

Then they saw him. There was a moment of absolute silence, and then the whole group surged forward.

"There he is, the dirty killer!"

"Don't let him get away!"

"Look out; he may have a gun!"

"Grab him, someone!"

Gab stood quite still. He could not realize that this was happening to him. He felt rough hands upon his arms. Someone clutched his coat, and he heard the tearing sound as the frail cloth gave way. But still he did not move. He felt no fear, only a great amazement. This could not be true. But the rude hands pulling at him were real, and so were the accusing faces closing in around him. Stark fear displaced the disbelief, and Gab tore at the restraining hands.

"I done nothin'. Let me go." His voice rose hysterically on the last words, and he struggled harder. But there were too many of them.

"Nothin', eh? Try to deny that you killed Kenny Brewer. Hit him on the head when he was drunk. Bashed in his head with a rock, and then beat it and hid in the church. Dave here saw you do it—you dirty Portygee murderer."

Miss Dorr's horrified voice reached Gab's ears. "A murderer hiding in the house of the Lord. I always said he had a bad look in his eye."

Gab struggled to make himself heard. He screamed in desperation.

"He hit me first. I didn't have no rock. I wouldn't kill nobody."

"Wait a minute. Give the man a chance to talk. He has a right to defend himself."

The minister was pushing his way through the crowd, and the men fell back before him. Gab felt new hope rise within him, and he stepped forward eagerly. But the burly figure of the sheriff barred his way.

"You keep out of this, parson. Murder's none of your affair. We've got the goods on him. He killed Brewer all right. He'll have a chance to tell his story at the trial all right—plenty of chance."

The voice of the minister was drowned out as the mob closed in again. Gab caught the Sheriff's arm and tried again.

"He hit me first. See my cheek. He musta hit his head when he fell."

"Listen here, you Portygee swine; Dave saw you when you hit him with the rock from behind. You'll burn, see."

Suddenly from the church came the sound of the organ. Gab stiffened. For a moment the crowd was silent. Gab lifted his head. Something told him that he was doomed, but strangely enough it no longer mattered. He was seeing again a white shrine, a little church on a green hill, and a crucified Christ on a wooden cross.

Slowly, awkwardly, as if he were just remembering a thing he had learned long ago, Gab crossed himself.

Miss Dorr's sibilant whisper cut across the silence.

"Look at him crossing himself. Cold-blooded murderer that's what he is. What can a creature like that know about the spirit of Christ in the world?"

Youth Against Insecurity

By Louette Glaser

ON April twenty-seventh, the youth of America expressed an organized and active disapproval of one of the world's insecurities which we, being realistic and inclined toward a healthy cynicism, are facing. That insecurity is the inevitability of war. It is one of the three or four major issues about which youth bothers to concern itself; and we are not ashamed, any longer, to say to each other and to our parents and to the munitions makers of the country that we are afraid of war. We are so afraid in fact, that we hold round-table discussions, conferences, ballots, about the stand we must take in the event of a defensive (it is always "defensive") war, and about our feelings on such subjects as Fascism and dictators. When representative young men and women—and it is the young who make the best cannon fodder—are questioned about their attitudes toward war, their answers show plainly how abhorrent the thought of war is to them. They are not unnecessarily morbid about it; they are merely aware that factories now used in the peaceful processes of producing rayon or other goods can, in twenty-four hours, be transformed into munitions plants, veritable "death houses." And they are justifiably disillusioned about such trivia as treaties . . . scraps of paper to be blown about by the hot air of Fascism, trampled over by the big boots of war.

We are threatened by the disaster of war today, as we were in 1914. Some writers have predicted a general war in less than a year. It begins to get serious when those men who know their diplomats and are well acquainted with the treaties, secret and otherwise, that are being drawn up, maintain that a state of peace is practically impossible; and that it is merely a matter of months until the world powers are at each other's throats with bombs and battleships.

Little wonder that we are uneasy. Little wonder that pledges of pacifism are greeted with hysterical enthusiasm. "We don't want to fight!" That refrain is heard from coast to coast—from Maine to San Francisco. We don't want to fight. We aren't going to be kidded into another war.

We want to stay home and go to college. We want to get married. We want to work. We want to lead normal, sane lives, with no threat of legalized murder hanging over our heads. We don't want the insecurity, the tragedy of war!

Claude Kitchen's statement, "It takes neither physical nor moral courage to declare a war for others to fight," may sound cryptic; but it is undeniably true! When war is declared, those who force it upon us do not go into the trenches. It is the younger generations who do the fighting—and later the paying—although we are not consulted in the matter. We may disagree as to the actual methods of preserving world peace; but we are united in backing movements that have as their aim the abolition of war. It is a last, desperate attempt on our parts to prevent the wholesale slaughter of humanity.

No matter how you look at it, youth has a hard time. Suppose, for the sake of discussion, that the world problems of peace, armed neutrality, and diplomacy are solved. Would our lives, then, become equally simple and sane? The answer, obviously, is No. For here at home, youth has its own battles—and they, too, are bloody—to fight, against a system which, while it boasts of individualism, is choking individual initiative.

Perhaps we college students would feel less insecure if we knew that when we were graduated, there would be work ahead of us. Along about the middle of the junior year, we remember that the United States is experiencing its worst depression, that employers are turning away applicants by the dozens, that even in the fields that have been our majors, there are no openings. Nor is economic insecurity the only kind we face; for along with it we may be dragged into moral insecurity. Trial marriages and general moral slipping often grow from economic insecurity. How stabilizing it would be if we were assured of consideration by a prosperous advertising firm, or a well established brokerage house. But this is the ninth year of a

depression, and college graduates are gratefully accepting anything that they can get. Often that "something" is driving a taxicab or selling Fuller brushes from door to door.

Today those who are not college graduates have even a more discouraging struggle. Boys and girls fresh from their high-school graduation exercises enter the proverbially "cold, cold world" only to find it colder and harder than they could have believed. A diploma from college is almost a prerequisite. But even Ph.D.'s find the situation difficult. The grasp of unemployment is far-reaching and all-inclusive.

The placement Bureau of our college is unusually fortunate in placing (on an average) about ninety-five per cent of those students who want work. That is about forty-five or fifty per cent better than the placement bureaus of many other colleges are able to do. Since it is supply and demand that determine placement, there are certain periods during which many graduates are unable to get work. An example of such a period came in 1935, when sociology majors were not in demand by the government. The last few years have been extremely poor for those who plan to teach; and about fifty per cent of the Woman's College graduates have prepared for the teaching profession. Those who are lucky enough to get employment as teachers in North Carolina will get more salary, by the month, than many other professionals; but they will teach only two thirds of the year. Many will be forced to teach in out-of-the-way country schools which will deprive them of a well-balanced social life. There will be no retirement from the state, no tenure law. So their position is not at all secure. Others of our students armed with teaching certificates will get jobs—but as department store salesgirls!

Graduates from many other colleges find it more difficult than do our alumnae. In fact, they consider themselves very fortunate if they start working for ten or twelve dollars a week. Many graduates who have been placed have been forced to go into positions that they did not want, were not interested in. Some take jobs that barely pay a living wage. But not being able to do nothing, they accept whatever offers a little money; and therein lies one of the reasons for the labor turnover. During the worst years of this depression, several millions of people

lost their jobs. According to certain reports of employers, a great many of these lost their jobs because they could not get along, could not seem to fit in. This is not remarkable when we consider that a maladjusted individual who has been forced by circumstances into an environment which he did not want in the first place, will naturally feel ill at ease, and will possibly show signs of a disagreeable disposition, because of his unfavorable situation.

The desire of youth for economic security is in reality only a *minor* part of a tremendous struggle of an entire nation. We can, if we are lucky, get jobs as secretaries, teachers, professionals; those who, unlike us, are not the proud possessors of a college degree, and who may or may not have graduated from high school, are having a difficult time earning, in factories, barely enough to support their families. They know that only the aggregate wages of skilled workers' families is up to the \$1,780 per annum that is necessary for health and decent living. They also know that unskilled workers must live below this standard. What security is afforded a family that not only cannot save a cent but ekes out its daily bread in the fear that tomorrow there will be no job, and that its social security percentage will not go very far toward support—or even toward alleviating its misery? The Social Security Act is but an infantile, first step toward economic protection. Finding a job is no more insurance of safety than a terminating shower of pennies from heaven!

Perhaps ten or twenty years from now some of us shall look back upon this period of instability as a vague, unimportant time of our lives. But will not others of us find that our mental and moral horizons have been utterly distorted as a result of these years of insecurity?

We have something else of which to be afraid. We are haunted by visions of politicians. And who shall say we are at fault in our feeling that the country is being ruined by the filibustering, Bible-quoting offspring of oratory whom we often place in our law-making houses? It is a frightening thought that the men who are to decide how much we shall pay in taxes to the government or whether the United States shall declare a state of war, should often be men who have had, perhaps, the advantages of

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the first three grades of primary school, and who have dabbled in all trades—from real estate to tobacco-auctioneering!

How can the youth of the country feel secure in the hands of such a body! People who care present a definite program against crime, or against insecurity and are kept out of office because vagueness is the dominating virtue of political platforms. To a large extent, these men shape our lives; our destinies depend on their attitudes, sentiments, and personal opinions. Their

records as citizens are not always a snowy white—and yet we entrust ourselves to them, to their speeches in the Houses, to their radio appeals, full of platitudes and bad grammar!

These are a few of the elements that make for insecurity in our lives. To clarify the ideas and ideals that we have, to overcome the obstacles that block us at every turn—that is our aim. Whether youth is strong enough to challenge these forces is a question of time and action.



B. Elizabeth Taylor



Virginia Rogers

A TALE FROM VIENNA WOODS

"Blessed art thou, O Lord . . ." O God! O God!
Why stay to gabble prayers like a goose?
Mere words, mere air, mere noise sanctified
By time and custom . . . there, his shawl was
loose;
One of the children pressed against his side.
He gabbed on: "I am thy staff, thy rod . . ."

A burning rod was twisting in his heart.
The sinews quivered and the bright flesh cried
For mercy, and a stench like hell arose.
Over the smoking pit they held his bride . . .
He screamed. He saw the greedy flames enclose
Her body as they tore his soul apart . . .

The words grew misty on the printed page.
There was a way to end it if he chose!
He started up . . . the children, terrified
Shrank into corners. "Mama! Mama!" "Rose,"
He said, "Forgive me, dearest. I have tried."
He pled, and silver pity swallowed rage.

There in the corner crouched his little Ruth,
Her child-world comfortless and desolate,
Motherless. Sobs shook her little throat,
And all was misery . . . no room for hate.
He took her up, and soon she was remote
In realms of sleep; she knew but half the truth.

At midnight when the children lay asleep
Herr Silbermann still sat before the fire.
"We shall not need you, Silbermann," he'd said,
The Herr Direktor Bleisen. What desire
Had he to stay and hear the heavy tread
Of Nazi boots and hear old mothers weep?
The helpless witness of a thousand crimes?
If only he had known and they had fled
Before the Anschluss came . . . the little ones
And Rose and he! But Rose, thank God! was
dead.
At least she would not live to see her sons
The victims . . . What was that? Cathedral
chimes!
And twelve of them! There still remained an
hour.
He'd bribe a guard . . . false passports . . . there
were guns
In that valise, and all the other bags
Held books . . . all six of them. At least the
Huns
Would not make Gabirob bunting for their
flags
Or this Maimonides . . . a paper flower.
Then let them burn the rest, or fashion cord
To hang themselves, or flood the paper-mills
With priceless manuscripts (non-Aryan). Still
He'd save the choicest ones. He turned; quick
thrills
Ran up his spine . . . Storm troopers on the sill,
Mute, ominous. He left without a word.

ENVOI

Thus ends the tragedy of Silbermann.
You must admit it strikes a modern note.
If Alexandria stuck in Caesar's throat,
So will "Alt Vien" and this librarian,
Pray God, in Hitler's, or may heaven accord
Me courage and a bit of twisted cord.

REBECCA PRICE.

Blue Bonnets

A Play for Children

By Adrienne Wormser

CAST:

Matawee—an Indian girl of six.
 Taptee—her brother, four.
 Their grandmother.
 Chief of the tribe.
 Manahaja, } his two assistants.
 Wigleiva,
 A dozen Indians of the tribe.

(On the left of the stage there is an Indian wigwam before which squats Grandmother pounding corn. On the rise of the curtain Matawee and Taptee enter right.)

Matawee: Won't you give me the pretty blue flowers you've picked?

Tappee: (Clutching the bouquet) No, they're mine, and you can't have them.

Matawee: Then won't you let me hold them for a while?

Tappee: Why don't you pick your own flowers if you want some? I picked these myself.

Matawee: You have enough for both of us if you would only give me half.

Tappee: (Running to grandmother) Tell her to leave me alone, Granny. These are my flowers, and I want them all.

Granny: She is your sister, Tappee; why don't you share them with her?

Tappee: No, I want them all for myself.

Granny: Do you know what kind of flowers they are?

Matawee: No, but there is a whole field of them not far away from here.

Granny: They are Blue Bonnets.

Tappee: Why do they call them that?

Granny: Sit down beside be and I will tell you how they got their name. (Matawee and Tappee sit.) A long time ago, here on this very spot, we had a dry season.

(As she starts a group of Indians—Manahaja and Wigleiva and Chief—enter and go center. The lights fade on her and come up on them and they take up the story.)

Chief: For thirty days and thirty nights now we have had no rain.

Manahaja: If no water comes for our crops, they will burn up, and we will starve to death.

Wigleiva: We must do something.

Chief: The god of rain is displeased with us. How shall we alleviate his displeasure?

Manahaja: Let us sing to him and find out wherein we have failed to satisfy him.

Chief: Beat the drum to call the people.

(Wigleiva beats the drum and a dozen Indians enter, grouping right.)

Chief: Oh my people, as you know, the god of rain has found it in his heart to punish us with dryness and heat. Let us join together in our rain dance to find out what causes him to treat us thusly.

(They circle about him and begin to dance as they chant.)

Chorus: Tell us what we may do to appease your anger and restore us in your favor. Tell us how we can have rain before our crops die and cause starvation among our people. What have we done to offend you?

(From above the voice of the Rain God is heard.)

Rain God: When one man among you sacrifices that which is most dear to him, you shall have rain.

Chief: You have heard the voice of the Rain God. One man among us must sacrifice that which is most dear to him. Then we shall have rain. Let us disband. Manahaja and Wigleiva will stay and help me build a fire. We shall wait here for the sacrifices.

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(The Indians break away as the Chief and Manabaja and Wigleiva begin to build a fire. From the shadows down right a young Indian emerges.)

First Indian: It is my horse the Rain God wants. Powatто, my stallion, is the finest treasure of our tribe. I will sacrifice him for rain. (He starts off, and then turns.) But why should I give up my horse? There are many others who own fine animals, let them give something to the Rain God. (He turns and disappears into the shadows again.)

Second Indian: (Comes out center) My wampum belt is a priceless thing. The Rain God shall have it, and we shall have rain. (He starts off and then changes his mind.) But I am poor and my wampum belt is all I own. Let someone richer than I am sacrifice for rain.

Chief: The fire is prepared. Who will sacrifice his dearest possession to the Rain God.

(There is no answer.)

Is no one willing to deny himself that all of us may benefit?

All: (Coming in from the sides) We are poor, O Chief. We have nothing worthy of the Rain God. We have nothing to give him.

First Indian: Let us sing to him again.

Second Indian: Let us ask if we can do something else for him. (They all circle about the fire dancing and singing.)

Chorus: We are poor, O, Rain God, and we have no treasures. What can we do to appease your anger and make you give us rain? Hear our entreaties and give us words that will tell us how we may win your favor and have rain.

Rain God: When one man among you sacrifices that which is most dear to him, you shall have rain.

(The dancers break up and start away into the shadows again.)

Third Indian: (Coming out right) My necklace of shells is the most precious necklace in all the tribe. It has as many shells as that of the Chief himself, and some of them are bigger than his. It will please the Rain God

and make him give us rain. But why should we give him the best we have? Another necklace will do as well. Someone else's necklace will satisfy him, and he will give us rain.

Chief: Is there no one among you who will sacrifice for the tribe? (A moment's silence, and then a little girl steps forward, down center, clutching to her breast a ragged doll dressed in blue.)

Indian Girl: It is my doll the Great Rain God wants, my beautiful doll. (To doll) You are the greatest treasure of the tribe and that is what he wants. (Very tearfully) Don't be unhappy; he wants you for his little girl. The Rain God's little girl is very lonely in heaven, she has no one to play with; and when she looked down and saw you here with me, she told her Daddy that she wanted you for her own. You will be very happy with her, and then we will all have rain. (She kisses the doll, turns to the fire, and places her in gently.)

(The fire flares up and burns the doll, leaving a bit of blue uncharred—the doll's bonnet. The little girl sees it.)

Indian Girl: O, the Rain God did not like my doll. He has left her bonnet here, and she will be cold. My poor dollie.

Rain God: The bonnet is a flower, and it shall ever be a reminder of the unselfishness of a little girl who gave her dearest possession for her tribe.

(The lights fade on the fire and Indian group and brighten on the tent. Grandmother speaks as if she had told the whole story and was finishing it now.)

Granny: And then the rain fell until all the crop had plenty and the people were happy, for they had enough to eat once again. And the flowers you hold in your hand, Taptee, have always been called Blue Bonnets in memory of the little girl.

(Taptee contemplates the flowers for a moment, then he looks at Matawee and thrusts them out to her.)

Taptee: Here.

CURTAIN.

Psecrets of Psychiatry

By Ellen Meade Wilson

THE eminent young psychiatrist, Alfred Ellwood Abernathy, was well fitted for his present occupation, having recently received a high degree from the Boston Institute of Psychiatry and a wife from Alabama. Said present occupation, in which he was engaged, was that of sitting in the far corner of a taxi thinking what fools these women be. And conversely, the young Mrs. Alfred Ellwood Abernathy, known in less heavy moments as Sue, sat in the opposite corner of the same taxi thinking what fools are men, in particular this specimen to whom she was married. And thus was ending their three weeks' summer vacation in the Catskills.

"Don't be an idiot," sputtered A. E. Abernathy. "I suppose you don't recall anything about that house in Larchmont that was robbed only last week, or the one in Statesville before we left, and another one every time you pick up a newspaper."

"All right, all right, but so what?" rejoined Mrs. A. E. Abernathy from Alabama. "What does that have to do with hanging my diamond bracelet on the wall behind a picture? A seven hundred dollar bracelet, and you drape it behind a picture. I just don't get it; that's all."

"Well, consider the psychiatry of it, won't you?" Alfred Ellwood Abernathy looked at his wife as he would at a specimen of Dementia Praecox. "The chances of anybody's stealing it now aren't one-fourth of what they were when you had it in the fireplace. Who would ever think of looking behind a picture for a diamond bracelet?"

"Nobody would have to think of it, dear. It's there to see as plain as tattle-tale gray."

"Well, we should have left it in the vault in the first place—anything as valuable as that."

"Now, Alfred, you were just as sure as I was that that bank would be robbed while we were gone. It was mental telepathy, you said, and don't deny it."

"I'm not denying anything. But why the fire-

place? Of all unintelligent, elementary places to hide something! I tell you it's been proved by test after test that the criminal mind doesn't work along simple lines. It would be a burglar's first idea to stick his nose in a fireplace, but never behind a picture."

"All right, then. It's been proved, hasn't it? So why strain your remarkable I. Q. proving it again? And what's more to the point, why strew my jewelry around where a *weak-minded* termite could walk off with it?"

"A termite is motivated by no other force than hunger or sex, and neither would affect your bracelet in the least."

"Oh shut up," said Sue, flouncing her well-kept permanent wave. It was clear that Alfred Ellewood Abernathy was not included in her present Valhalla of psychiatrists and husbands, but she refrained from expressing herself further in the presence of the very interested taxi-driver. Instead, she retired within her shell to turn over dark thoughts in her mind about the diamond bracelet. It had been a wedding present two years ago from an Abernathy aunt and had been a constant source of domestic upheaval since. Except for the one time that Sue had worn it to the opera and screamed every time the lights went out, this bracelet had spent an exciting career being moved from the bank vault to one new hiding place after another. The last trip that it had made it had been conducted by Sue's nervous hands to the Abernathy fireplace; but Alfred, having a better idea, had transferred it to the wall behind the portrait of some Abernathy with a fungus growth of beard, and neglected to impart this change of scenery to Sue until they had started home from their vacation.

"I almost wish somebody would steal the thing," muttered Sue to herself. "It's been nothing but trouble and more trouble."

They had now reached the big white brick house that the Abernathys had lived in, loved in, laughed in, and doubtless hidden bracelets in, for two hundred years. It seemed to be grow-

ing there with all the oak trees in such an aristocratically lazy way that Sue felt a warmth of pride to be the latest Abernathy bride, and she smiled shyly at her husband. It was smile number four, telegraphing "Let's call it quits," according to the ninth rule of the third dimension as explained by Freud. After all, she reflected, she was still remarkably in love with him after two years of married life and psychiatry. Then, hastily, she thought about something else, as she found herself checking the distribution curve that would allow husbands a certain number of impossible moments.

Dinner did much to restore domestic tranquility, and Sue and Alfred wandered, almost by reflex action, to their usual after-dinner places on the wide cool veranda. So far the bracelet incident had not been mentioned again, but it was still hanging fire; and Sue was glad when Alfred went inside to check up on some unfinished tests, leaving her alone on the veranda. She leaned gratefully against the cushions of the heavy wooden chair, and, ignoring the mosquitoes, mused through the ivy vines at the stars.

About an hour later, she suddenly thought that since she was tired and sleepy, it might be wise to go to bed. So taking mental note of the interaction of stimulus and response this mental upheaval caused, she strayed slowly inside and up the broad stairway.

At the head of the steps she paused a minute before the door of a little upstairs reading room that wandered off to the right. It was the most comfortable and popular room in the house and the one that held the ill-fated fireplace, that but for the psychological conditioning of the perceptual response of her feminine wiles would have made another wife leave home. She smiled at the memory of the close call and absently scratched her nose.

"Darn fool place to hide a bracelet," she said half aloud. "Behind a picture! I'm going to change it tomorrow," and she started on.

But just as she turned, she stopped short. A tiny halfway noise had crept out to her from the reading room. She frowned. It was such a little noise, and she just halfway thought she heard it; but it was sinister, and Sue couldn't tell why. It made her flesh crawl and her native curiosity struggle. She stood in the hall hesi-

tantly and absently peeled the polish from her thumb nail. Then silently she crept over to the door and pushed it open with more stealth than her shadow would have had, if her shadow had been going around opening doors with noises behind them. The door didn't creak for once, and she peered around it into the darkness of the room. Crouched on the floor beside the fireplace a huddled, black figure was fumbling with the loosened bricks. In the faint half-light that drifted up from the downstairs hall she caught one glimpse of cruel, narrow eyes and a weak, drooping mouth, before the figure cleared the room and vanished over the window ledge. She heard a scrambling down the ivy vines and tried to scream, but she could not remember how. She wasn't sure whether it had been a dream or some kind of mental telepathy about some other fireplace somewhere else. She fumbled for the switch and turned on the light. Soot was scattered over the hearth, a footstool was overturned, and the window was open. It had really happened then. But what had happened? That creature had obviously been looking for something in the fireplace, and he must have found what he wanted, since he had left so quickly when she came in. But if Alfred had taken her bracelet out of there, what could he have possibly wanted?

Anyway, he was gone now, and Sue laughed a little shakily at the idea of a desperate character running away from her. In the midst of that laugh, though, she stopped short and mentally screamed. "Oh," the stimulus said to the nerve, "a desperate character." And "Oh," the nerve said to the response, "did you hear that?" And the response started running down the stairs to Alfred Ellwood Abernathy, husband and psychiatrist.

But halfway across the hall to his study, Susan Abernathy's woman's intuition came to her rescue and set to work. "Don't be rash," it said. "Remember it is dangerous to admit you are wrong to any husband, but to a psychiatrist husband—it's fatal. And if you said to Alfred that there was a man strolling around in the fireplace, wouldn't that be saying you were wrong about hiding that bracelet? Everything is better left unsaid about what just happened."

"That settles it," said Sue, and she walked sedately the rest of the way into the study.

"Hello, dear," she said in a steady voice.
"When are you coming to bed?"

"Oh, I've just finished here. I'll go now."

He shuffled a sheaf of papers and broke a pencil point on the edge of the desk.

"Uh, er Sue, that is—Well, there's something I want to tell you."

"Yes, Alfred."

"It's—well, I'm just sorry about this afternoon. I shouldn't have been so dogmatic about that bracelet."

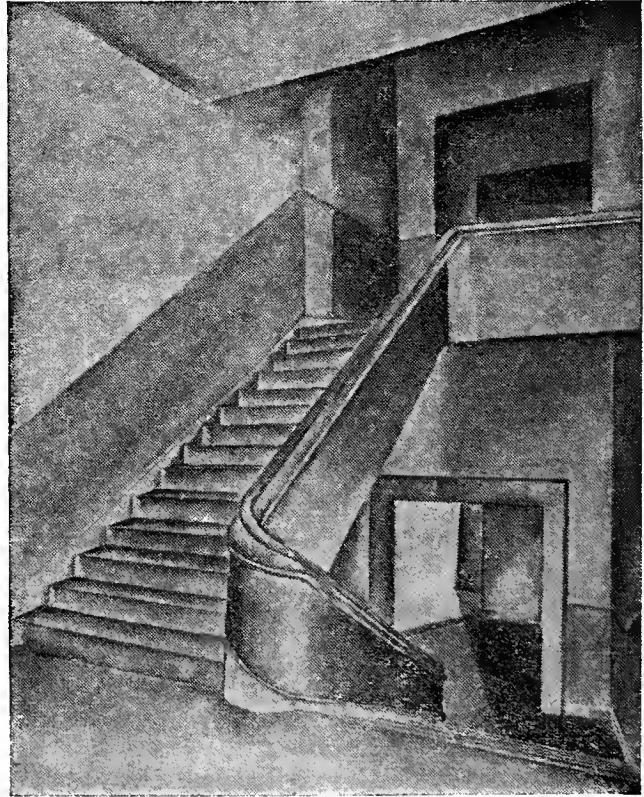
"Oh, Alfred it was nothing at all. You were

doubtless quite right. Every person to his own opinion, you know."

"Yes, that's right. But this time your opinion was best. The fireplace was the best place for your bracelet."

"Well, let's don't argue about it again; I'm not so sure."

"I am, though. In fact, the more I thought about it the more it seemed like a good idea; so this evening, before I started checking those tests, I put your bracelet in the fireplace there in that little reading room upstairs. No burglar would ever look there for a bracelet."



Elizabeth Blair

British Realism

By Katherine Causey

THE cry of "Traitor!" has been hurled at Lord Chamberlain with increasing frequency since the signing of the "Easter pact" between Britain and Italy. While he defended the agreement as necessary in order to avoid war in Europe, many people, proponents of collective security, hailed it as the last step in the complete betrayal of Ethiopia, Spain, and even France by their neighbor and former friend. They raised a tremendous hue and cry, charging that England's sacred honor lay trampled in the dust.

Such critics failed to realize that at the bottom of international relations still lies the same problem, the quest for power. There is no honor among nations except the duty each one feels to get all the power and prestige that is possible. The present government feels that England cannot be expected to "go about doing good" in behalf of all the small nations, even though they may be her neighbors. Her foreign policy is dictated by the necessity of preserving her empire as it now stands, and it leaves no time for her daily good turn.

The average Britisher, however, does not understand this point of view which dominates international relations. He lives according to the Golden Rule, more or less, and he cannot understand why nations should not do the same. He knows from experience that war is a horrible thing, and he wants it abolished. Since it is this same "average citizen" who casts most of the votes, his opinion must be followed, to all appearances. Hence the farce of economic sanctions and, more recently, the necessity of compromising with the dictators were invented.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, the rulers of British policy have been pursuing a course of action designed to protect the empire from the dangers entailed in a war. In the early spring of 1938, the situation began to look rather grave. Italy held the Balearic Islands, a strategic point in the Mediterranean, and she had considerable control in Spain. England's stronghold, Gibraltar, would be rendered useless with an enemy

power in Spain. Moreover, if Britain's economic lifeline, the Mediterranean, should pass into Italy's hands, as it seemed about to do, the major part of the trade with her Far Eastern possessions would be cut off. Over and over it has been estimated that the English people actually could not live for more than a month if these vital lines of commerce were removed. Britain could never hope to combat Japan in the Far East and Italy in the Mediterranean at the same time. It seemed time to come to an agreement about the whole affair.

But it was not a sudden burst of religious fervor that made Mussolini willing to kiss and make up. His own axes were getting dull. Italy occupied the undesirable position of constituting too great a threat to British trade. If any one of the three fascist nations should have to fight Britain, Italy seemed the most logical victim. It was distinctly to her advantage to come to an understanding with Britain.

The agreement which was reached amounted to little more than a declaration of good will, but it was that declaration which filled the hearts of some observers with hope for a peaceful Europe and caused others to accuse Britain of giving way before the enemy. The pact called for the removal of Italian troops from Spain as soon as the non-intervention committee should arrange for the removal of all foreign soldiers, or as soon as the war should end. None of the other points were to be carried out if Italy failed to observe this agreement. Each promised to suspend hostile propaganda in the other's African colonies as well as at home. Britain re-affirmed the right of all nations to use the Suez canal in time of peace or war. She consented to do all in her power to bring about general recognition of Italian Ethiopia and subsequently ordered France to grant it. Italy agreed never to use her African troops in a European war, provided other nations would make similar promise.

This last point is considered most doubtful. France depends upon her African soldiers to counterbalance Germany's massive army. It is

not likely that she will consent to an agreement which would leave her practically defenseless.

England's promise to gain recognition for Ethiopia, however, is the point which caused the attacks upon her honor. She is charged with having deserted helpless Ethiopia. But she has never been committed to defend that country. Her interests were not threatened by Italian control there, and she did not consider it her quarrel. The feeble economic sanctions of 1935 were imposed only to appease the voters, who believed collective security to be the way to peace. That British trade with Italy was much more vital than her trade with Ethiopia explains their failure.

There are those who say that Chamberlain is foolishly short-sighted in accepting Mussolini's word of honor. No one expects Mussolini to keep his agreement with Britain if it should prove to his disadvantage to do so. At the present, however, it is to his advantage. Both he and Chamberlain want to avoid war with each other because neither could gain from such a conflict.

The effect of this pact upon Europe as a whole was one of general relief. People think that it has averted immediate war. But the threat of Hitler still hangs heavily over Czechoslovakia. England has announced that she has no commitments in Central Europe. In other words, any intended Hitler victims may paddle their own canoes as far as the Imperial government is concerned. The same attitude was prevalent when Austria was suddenly absorbed. It was evident as far back as 1931, when the United States proposed collective action to stop Japan in Manchuria.

All of which ties up with a growing suspicion that Britain is not muddling through and that she has not been muddling anywhere during the last seven years. Whether or not her policy will succeed in saving her empire is beside the question. She has not been giving way to dictatorship little by little in an effort to stall for time. She has not sold her honor for the sake of

peace. She is not trying to avoid war in Europe, but to avoid a conflict in which she might have to take part to her disadvantage. The British government has no intention of going crusading nor of becoming involved where there is no good reason. If England is involved in another world conflict, she proposes this time to name the place and the weapons.

War which would involve the main lines of commerce between Britain and her possessions would obviously be too dangerous. The conflict must be kept out of western Europe at all cost—to other nations. As long as Hitler is occupied with his expansion in central Europe and as long as Mussolini is satisfied with Ethiopia, nations who keep their hands off are safe enough. Hitler may have the wheat fields of the Ukraine if he wants them. If such action involves him in a war with Soviet Russia, so much the better. British lines of commerce will not be hampered. England carries on no great amount of trade with either nation. No doubt such a conflict would be a fight to the finish, ending with the annihilation of either Germany or Russia. It would not be a matter of great concern to Britain.

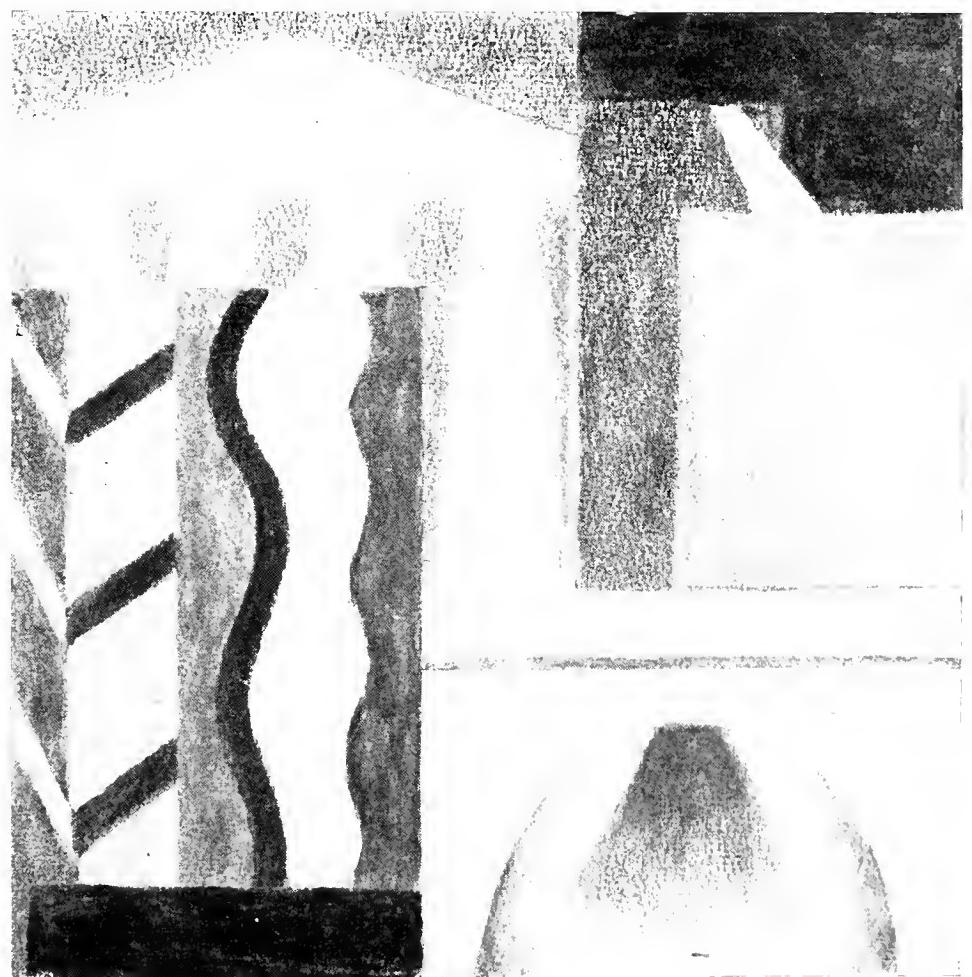
There is the possibility, of course, that the victor might seek further spoils in the direction of Britain. But that is no cause for worry either. She can always count upon the United States to organize a last-minute crusade to make the world safe for foreign trade. This formula of course applies only to those countries which do an important amount of business with America.

The outcome of this "realistic" British policy is uncertain. Chamberlain expects it to save the empire from dissolution as the result of an almost inevitable world conflict. If war can be kept away from the vital lines of commerce, if it can be staged just as well in central and eastern Europe, then England will be safe. But so great are the forces of war that, once they are loosed, who can stop them? Britain may find herself caught in the stream and engulfed before the conflict ends. Realism may inflict more sacrifices than collective security called for in its most idealistic forms.

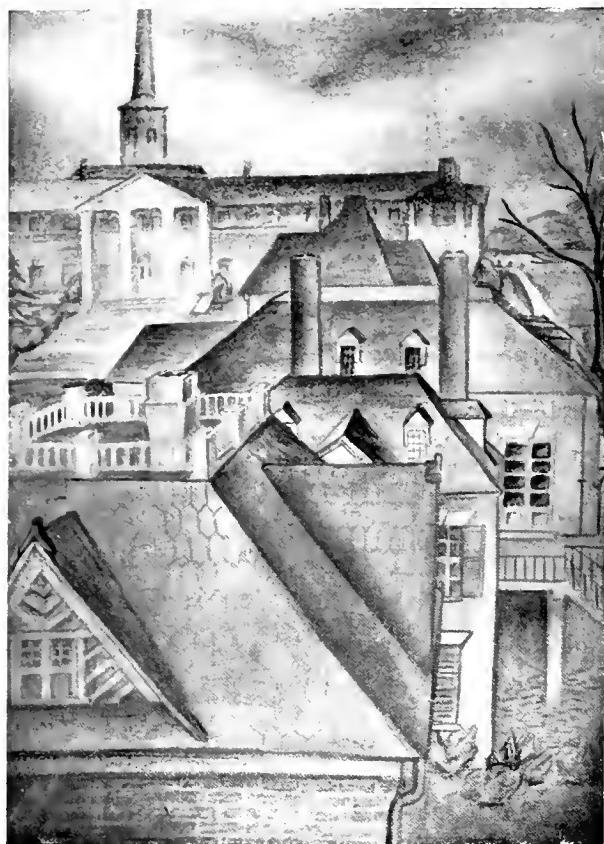
MAY, 1938

drawings

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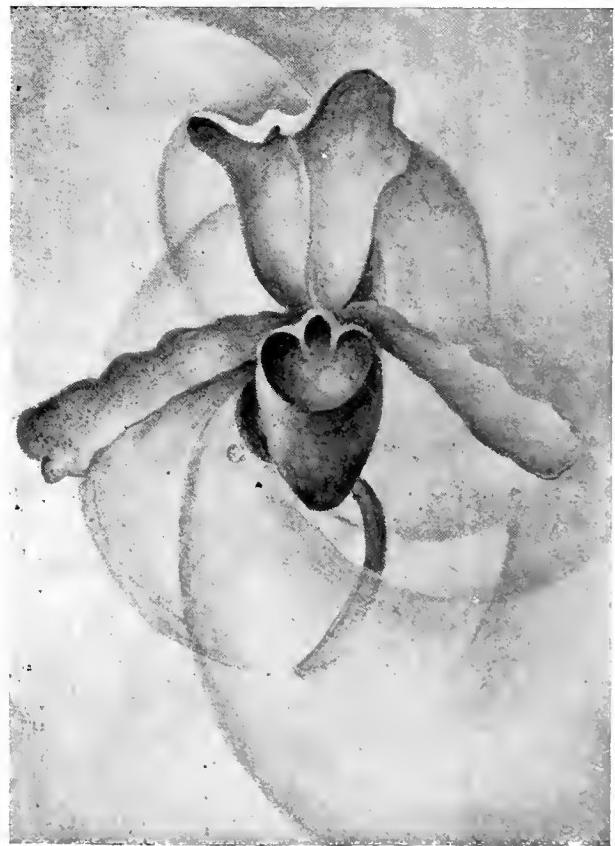


lib root



jane herring

chris changaris



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susan barksdale

margaret krall





estelle turner

“White Meat, Please”

By Susannah Thomas

MRS. MUMPHREES was standing by the kitchen stove stirring the soup when she heard a heavy step on the porch. She stopped, tablespoon in air. “Jane, go let your father in. The front door is locked.”

Jane raced her younger brother, Sam, to the front door. Their father’s coming meant food. Their mother always said that the family ate out of paper bags. She reasoned it was much cheaper that way. A Negro cost too much; and, besides, she carried half the food cooked home at night.

Mrs. Mumphrees dropped the bowl of the spoon back into the soup. As she did so, wisps of blue wood smoke seeped out from under the edge of the stew pan; the eye-lids of the stove did not fit. Since it was raining, the stove did not draw.

She left the stove and pulled a dish rag from a rail at the back. She wiped her face with her sleeve and proceeded to take a pan of split biscuits, browned a little too much at the edges, from the stove. She then turned to the enamel table which stood in the middle of the kitchen. Breakfast dishes sat in a large grey pan. The coffee grounds of the cups had spilled over on the egg plates. She strained to move the crowded dish pan from the table to the sink. A hasty wiping rendered the table ready for lunch.

She looked up. An elderly man was standing in the doorway leading into the kitchen from the pantry. Mr. Mumphrees was tall and thin, and he had soft brown eyes. Just now he was shaking himself like a great dog come in from the rain. Big drops fell from his coat to the pantry floor. He clutched a wet newspaper in his hand. “Well, what news!” he called out.

Jane slipped past her father and grabbed the stew pan just as the soup boiled over. The mixture spilled and left rice grains and misshapen barley alphabets clinging to the sides. With her other hand she held a clock which she placed on a shelf near by. She looked at it hurriedly. It was one o’clock, and school took in at one forty-five.

Sam followed Jane into the kitchen. He carried with both arms a brown paper bag. A loaf of bread jutted out of the top. The bag was

wet and splitting open at the pushed out sides.

“Mumphrees,” said his wife eyeing the bag, “I hope you didn’t bring a lot of knick-knacks.”

Mr. Mumphrees was looking at his two growing children rummaging the bag he had just brought in. He looked from them to the steaming soup, to the browned biscuits, to the coffee pot on the back of the stove, and then to the cheese and peanut butter which Jane had deposited on the table.

Mrs. Mumphrees tied her apron tighter about her thin waist and grimly poured the soup into two broken handled cups. She prided herself on using otherwise discarded cups for soup bowls. It proved she had a good business head, she thought. She watched her son closely. “Sam, put that peanut butter down. You don’t need it. Eat your soup,” she called out as she put the soup pan down on the stove and moved with heavy steps towards the window.

The boy looked at his mother, his brown freckles standing out on a pasty skin. “I’m sick of soup. Had it yesterday, and day before, too.” Leaving his spoon in the half eaten soup, he munched a large piece of light bread. He did not touch the browned biscuits.

The girl, sitting opposite her brother at the table, ate a toasted biscuit and nibbled a piece of cheese she had cut from the big slice. “Shut up, Sam, and leave the peanut butter alone if Mother wants you to. You know we’ll have more than this for supper.”

“Yes, supper! A lot of good that is now. How do you expect me to play football?”

“Don’t want you to play football anyway,” Mrs. Mumphrees said slowly to her son.

“You don’t care if I starve either, do you?”

Mr. Mumphrees had sat down in a split-bottom chair by the door, rearing it back so that it scraped the wall. He jerked his head up when his son mentioned supper, and dropped his chair to its full four legs. He had not been listening to the argument.

“Tut, tut, children, tut, tut, tut.” That was his signal that the man of the house wanted the floor. He rubbed his big hands together. Avoiding his wife’s eye, he spoke almost too casually

to his daughter. "Jane, I saw your Uncle Dickson today."

The child drank her milk and looked at the clock. It was one-fifteen. "When did he get in town?"

Mr. Mumphrees looked straight ahead at the stove. "Last night. He's coming here tonight for supper."

Jane dropped her spoon back into the cup so hard that drops of soup spattered onto the table. "I've got play practice tonight."

He answered her apologetically. "This is not your affair, Jane. Your Mother will fix us up something."

His wife moved forward. She looked angry, and hurt. "I've fixed my last meal for Dickson Mumphrees."

Mr. Mumphrees kicked his shoe cap against the door sill. He kept his eyes on the floor.

His wife continued to speak. "You heard me, Mumphrees, I told you I had done my last for him."

Mr. Mumphrees kicked the door harder. "Now I haven't said a thing, Alice. Dick says he ain't eating much these days."

Jane called out to Sam who had just chewed into a new bread and cheese sandwich. "Stop it, Sam. I want to make some souffle out of that cheese."

Mr. Mumphrees looked up appealingly to Jane.

The young girl spoke, addressing no one in particular, "He's got to come now. Daddy's asked him."

"He's got no right," Mrs. Mumphrees answered. She raised her voice. "He didn't consult me. Your father doesn't wash his dishes."

"Mother, he's Daddy's brother."

"Piffle, what's he done for you?" She paused and then answered her own question. "He's done nothing, and he is rolling in money, too."

Mr. Mumphrees stared at his wife. "Tut, tut, Alice, can't we leave my brother out of this?"

She lurched forward from the window. Her clear blue eyes met her husband's soft brown ones. She lowered her voice, and then looked quickly aside. "Your brother did give us a carving set when I married you, but he never gave us a piece of meat to go with it."

Mr. Mumphrees rubbed his hands rapidly, violently together. He got up from his chair. He kicked the door sill so that it sounded out through the room. Then he drew his foot back

quickly as if the sound frightened him. "Tut, tut, I didn't think it would be any powerful lot of trouble. Call it off. That's what I'll do, call it off."

Mrs. Mumphrees spoke and turned facing Jane. "Mumphrees, you'll do no such thing. I've got some pride."

Jane sat silent. She had held the cheese unbroken in her hand for a long time. She pursed her lips, and said with authority, abruptly: "We'll have chicken, smothered chicken." She was recalling the spring company dinner menu as planned in her high school home economics course.

"It will have to be smothered." Mrs. Mumphrees balled up her fingers into her palm. "Those chickens aren't as big as your fist."

Sam rose defiantly. "You shan't have my bidies. I don't care who's going to eat here."

Jane looked at Sam. He winced.

Jane knew her present importance. She was fourteen, and she had been planning meals for three years. "Yes, we'll have . . . , " she lowered her voice and smiled at Sam who was running from the room jumping over the boards of the pantry floor. "We'll have chicken and browned potatoes and green peas and Meritta rolls and oh, yes, celery, and . . ." She was speaking with more precision now as she recalled the meal plan. "And lemon pie, I'll make." She stopped with a triumphant flourish of the last bit of cheese to her mouth.

Mr. Mumphrees walked slowly across the kitchen floor and sat down in the chair Sam had vacated. He pushed the soup cups aside and bit on his pipe which he had not lighted. "That sounds all right, don't it, Alice?" He pushed his chest out. "I'll tell you or anybody else, this daughter of mine, she's a wonder . . . Just like her mother, Alice?"

Mrs. Mumphrees remained silent.

Jane bit her lips. She turned brightly to her father. "Just you send big Jim down here to kill that chicken, Daddy. Get him to do it soon."

Mrs. Mumphrees drank her coffee. "Jane," she said, "I'll clean up, but I won't take the responsibility for the food."

"Is what I said I was going to do all right, Mother?" Jane asked.

"Any way suits me," her mother said.

Jane rose, pushing back her chair. She ran to the pantry, and then stopped short and

turned her head back. She looked from her father to her mother. They were seated at the two ends of the table nearest the stove. Jane thought her father very handsome. His face was turned towards the side. He had an aristocratic, beaked nose, and heavy jutting eyebrows. His hair was iron grey, but dandruff fell on his coat shoulders, and the tabs of his shirt collar were frayed. Jane wished she had been the one to get his shirt out that morning. She hated for his brother to have seen him in a shirt that was so badly worn. She thought almost bitterly that her mother couldn't even iron a shirt right. She always did the collar first instead of waiting to touch it up at the last. She looked at her mother. Mrs. Mumphrees sat with her side close by the stove, leaning forward as if she wanted to feel all of the slow heat that came from the fire now going out. Her hair was thinner than her husband's, and there were dead grey streaks through the tightly drawn knot. Her finger nails were broken off to the quick, and there were smut-filled cracks in the wrinkles of her hands, but the skin of her face was soft and in her clear blue eyes there was yet a sparkle.

Outside a car horn was blowing.

Sam was screaming out the front door, "Come on, Jane. Slow poke!"

Jane ran from the pantry.

When the door had slammed behind Jane, Mrs. Mumphrees turned suddenly upon her husband. "Mumphrees, what's Dickson doing here?"

Mr. Mumphrees blinked his eyes. "Why, eh, he's getting that river land straightened out. I'm selling it for him."

"So he's putting all his money into Georgia lumber."

"He tells me he's sick of fooling with niggers and cotton. It's good business to have all of his interests concentrated."

Mrs. Mumphrees stopped stirring her soup. She looked solidly at her husband. "I hope you get your postage out of the deal!"

II.

Jane stepped up on to the clean-swept porch. Through the glass in the front door she could see her mother bending over picking up trash in a dust pan. Jane came in with her arms full of books and grocer's bundles.

She walked immediately to the kitchen. It

was clean. Big Jim had swept it after he had cleaned the chicken. The sink was scrubbed, and the dishes had been washed and put away. The chicken, shrunken and goose-fleshed, lay in an over-sized bowl on the enameled table.

She touched it gingerly. It was not much bigger than a fall partridge. She spread her fingers and practised portioning it into five parts. She turned the chicken about and reapportioned with her fingers; but geometrically or arithmetically she could not divide it into more than four table servings. She tapped the fingernails of her clean hand on her teeth holding her other hand taut from her side. She looked at the chicken, and then her eyes reverted to the can of peas and the sandy Irish potatoes rolling out of their bag. After a pause, she drew herself up and relaxed her outspread hand. The only solution to that fractional problem lay in a four divisional plan. She tried to think of what she would say at the table when her uncle was there. "No, thank you, Mother, don't you remember I don't like chicken, any longer? I have a horrible, ghastly antipathy for it." For practice, she frowned and pushed her hand from herself. And if her mother urged her, and if she had time to make the gravy, she would add, "If you insist, Mother, I will have some giblets, please, for my potatoes."

Big Jim's black head appeared in the back door. His brown skin was oily. He put one hand on the door facing. "S'cuse me, Miss Jane, but I heard that Mr. Dickson gwine have supper wid ye tonight."

"Yes, Jim, that's right. He has come all the way from Georgia."

"Yes'um, well ain't that fine? I been stickin' round to see if I could do somethin' fer ye."

Jane shifted her foot. She wanted to get started with the food. "Now that was nice of you, Jim."

"Yes'um, you gwine have your hands full afore dark wid that chicken." Jim looked over towards the big white bowl and laughed. "That ain't much meat, Miss Jane."

Jane didn't hear the Negro. She was trying to budget the remaining time to get in the cooking and the cleaning before seven. "Jim, have you ever cleaned a bathroom?"

Jim scratched his head and dropped his lower lip. "Nom, I don't guess right off I have."

"Well, Jim, cleaning bathrooms is just like cleaning silver. You use powder and you rub,

and rub, until it shines. Then you know it is clean."

Big Jim nodded as Jane went immediately to bundle together a ragged dish towel and the Bon Ami. She pointed the way to the bathroom and then turned to put more wood in the stove.

While she peeled the potatoes, she turned the pages of her home economics text book which she had placed beside her on the table. She shifted the pages from "Dinner Courtesy" to "Table Setting," to "How to saute fowls," to a recipe for lemon meringue pie. "The guest of honor sits to the right of the hostess; plates are removed from the left by the maid or butler" . . . Jane paused over the sentence. "Butler", oh no, it just meant her. She would take the plates off . . . "Into two cups of sugar mix four well-beaten egg yolks. Cook corn starch and water; to which add the sugar and egg mixture." . . . "To bake fowl a golden brown" . . .

She read that the host always carved the meat at the table. Jane wondered if there were exceptions. She turned back to the section on general table etiquette. There the rule was reiterated. "The host reigns over the roast, and the hostess adds the complementary vegetables if they are to be served from the table" Jane could not remember her father's ever having cut the meat. It would be useless to try to get him to do it now for the first time. Well, she thought recklessly, here would be just one more rule broken.

At six-thirty, she made an inspection. The house was clean. Mrs. Mumphrees had gathered a few pale buttercups into a cut glass bowl on the hall table. The best spreads were on the beds and the company table linen had been brought from the cedar chest. It smelled of lavender and moth balls. Holding it from her, Jane placed it on a table near the dining room window.

Then she went into her mother's room. Mrs. Mumphrees was lying down. She opened her eyes when Jane came near her bed.

"Jane, is it time to get up? Don't let the food burn." She lay back and watched her daughter moving about the room.

Jane shook her head. "I'll call you in a minute or two." She put out her mother's silk dress, a petticoat, and on the dresser she put some extra hair pins.

In Sam's room she found him playing with the radio he had been building. She urged upon him the importance of having his fingernails

clean and his hair parted.

Sam grinned at his sister's admonitions and explained he didn't have any fingernails to bother with. He had already bit them off.

At five minutes of seven Jane held a meeting in the kitchen with Sam and Mrs. Mumphrees. Her father had not come in. She told them how the chicken was to be divided. Mrs. Mumphrees was horrified when she was told that her daughter would not touch the chicken. But Jane added that if anything else were giving out she could very easily not want any of that either. Sam kept his eyes on the stove. He pulled an English pea out of the pan and ate it. Jane knew then that she could not depend on Sam to curb his appetite. Her brother was never any good as a stooge.

Mr. Mumphrees rushed into the kitchen just as the meeting was breaking up. His coat was open, and his tie was slightly askew. "Hey . . . Yes, we've just got in. He's in the parlor."

He leaned forward inhaling the aromas of the chicken. "Mighty glad you've got chicken. Dickson used to eat a whole one at a sitting."

Jane shuddered.

III.

Jane stood in the pantry door waiting for the signal for dinner. She was to start for the dining room when she heard voices as the rest of the family closed the hall door to the dining room. There was nothing else left to do but to light the candles in her mother's antique brass candle sticks. She had debated for a long time whether to use candlelight or not. The home economics book had not been very definite. It had revealed only that candles are always used at formal dinners, but that at informal evening meals their use was optional. Jane had decided on the candles because they would eliminate using the electric lights and that in turn would lend a softness to the cracked plastering.

She bent over to straighten her dress. Touching it she was seized with horror. She still wore her school skirt and ankle socks. Over all hung her mother's kitchen apron. She looked at her hands. The fingers were doughy from the making of the pie crust. Quickly she flung off the apron, tied her shoe laces, washed her hands at the sink. She threw cold water in her face. She couldn't find a clean dish towel so she dried her face with her hands.

From the living room came her mother's nervous, hilarious laugh. "Yes, spring weather

is bad on everything, moving, crops, and even rheumatism, as Mumphrees reminded me today . . . ”

Jane paused in the pantry. She suddenly felt a little sick. She leaned in the pantry window. The storm had broken and the air coming in the open window smelled of broken green tree tassels and grass shoots. She opened her mouth and sucked in the air as if she wanted to be inflated with the clean smell.

She mashed her hair down over her ears and walked straight-kneed into the dining room. The others were just coming in. “Pass to the left, remove from the right; serve coffee with the dinner and more coffee after the meal.” Among all the other orders she kept repeating to herself one phrase stood out: “No chicken. No, Mother, I don’t care for chicken.”

Her uncle Dickson was urging her mother to let him sit beside her father. Jane watched the scene, calculating what difference it would make in procedure. Her mother was giving in gracefully. She thought her mother seemed glad of the shift. Sam grinned sheepishly as he slipped into the seat by his mother. Jane thought bitterly that it probably meant that he would get the best piece of meat.

Mrs. Mumphrees asked Mr. Mumphrees to say grace.

“Kind Father we thank Thee for these and all Thy blessings . . . ” Mr. Mumphrees, muttering the words with the enunciation of a courthouse orator, bent over the food with his head lowered and his great palms pressed down deep into the table cloth. Jane, peeping, thought her father looked like a big bird crouched over his prey.

“Bless this food to our use.” Jane stared at the smothered chicken steaming in its casserole. She swallowed back a lump in her throat. It was back, pressing hard almost before she had stopped swallowing. She held her hands tightly together and ground them into her stomach. It made her stomach growl, but it kept the lump down. She took her eyes off the chicken, but the vision of the browned bird stayed before her eyes. She wanted a piece of chicken. She could think of nothing else. She wanted a real piece of meat now, not a bone after the party.

“And bless us to Thy service. Amen.” Her father cleared his throat. Jane did not look at him proudly as she ordinarily did when he had said the blessing.

The blessing was over. Everybody coughed. Mr. Mumphrees drank his water. Jane’s eyes as if controlled by a force outside her will reverted to the chicken. The bird seemed to have taken on immense proportions. The table and her family sitting around it diminished until they were scarcely there at all. Only Jane and the bird and the peas and potatoes that flanked it remained; and Jane was going to eat it all, every pea, every scrap of meat.

Mrs. Mumphrees waved the carving set in air. The candles flickered and a trickle of tallow which had been collecting on the bowl of the candlestick plopped to the table cloth. The candles caught lights in the steel blade of her knife. Mrs. Mumphrees murmured that Mr. Mumphrees had married only after she had promised never to make him carve. She laughed, and Jane looked up frightened.

Mrs. Mumphrees prodded the bird and stuck the fork prongs into the breast. “Excuse me for breaking into the men’s talk, but what piece of meat would you like, Dickson? Our guest must have his choice even though he wouldn’t sit by me.”

Jane held her hands tightly clenched by her sides. She watched him tensely. He was listening intently to her father who was talking low. The light struck on his face and shoulders; and as he leaned towards her father his double chin protruded from his tight collar. He had not looked at her mother when she spoke. He had not even looked at the chicken.

Mr. Mumphrees’ brother was pausing in his conversation. A little annoyed yet polite, he said, “Alice, now I know that is mighty fine chicken; but, if you’ll excuse me, I don’t believe I’ll have any. My doctor has me on a diet. Says I’m getting too fat.”

The silence was tense. Mr. Mumphrees looked at his brother. His mouth dropped open. Mrs. Mumphrees still held to the fork firm in the meat. Sam tapped Jane’s shoe under the table. Jane gripped the lower edge of the table cloth. She stared at her uncle.

Mrs. Mumphrees first regained some semblance of composure. She passed a plate down to Dickson with a clump of green peas rolling over it like marbles. She found her voice. “And Jane, what piece of chicken, dear, will you have? After our guest, the cook comes second.”

“White meat, please.” Jane whispered.

The Grangers, the Populists, and the Tennessee Group

By Elizabeth Pettigrew

POPULAR opinion would probably classify an agrarian as an odd freak of nature. The definition given by these "freaks" themselves is that an agrarian is one who wishes to reorganize the government in such a way as to make it favorable to the farming interests or at least to equalize the economic and political status of industry and agriculture.

Agrarian agitations began as early as the late sixties of the last century. The cause is very evident to one familiar with that period of American history. Grammar school teachers continue to say, "That's fine, Johnny!" when little Johnny explains that the Civil War was fought over slavery, but no well-informed, thinking person could accept this answer. The Civil War was the death struggle between the industrialists and the agrarians for the control of the government. The industrialists won. The Radical Republicans got control of the government. The industrialists—that is the really big ones—had a jolly big time. Tariff climbed steadily. The government handed out gifts right and left. Corruption such as has never been known before or since existed. Pensions were handed out to the Federal Civil War veterans—to the needy and the wealthy alike—to insure the party's continued popularity. Conditions in the South were indescribable. The West suffered too, and not silently.

The Granger movement originated in 1868 and spread rapidly over the West. It was first called the Patrons of Husbandry and was designed as a social and cultural organization with rituals and all else that goes with a secret society. The Granges attacked the unreasonably high prices demanded by the manufacturers and

the corrupt practices of the railroads. They wanted to establish farmers' co-operatives for both manufacture and distribution. They were unable to resist a venture into politics and succeeded in electing enough state legislators to pass some of the measures they advocated. These laws attempted to regulate commerce and abolish certain practices of the railroads such as discrimination, pooling, the short-haul abuse. Such laws were passed in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Nebraska, California, Minnesota. In 1876 the Supreme Court sanctioned these laws only to reverse the decision in 1886. (It was also in 1886 that the Supreme Court declared corporations to be persons under the Fourteenth Amendment.)

The Granges established the farmers' co-operatives, but they could not survive the competition given them by privileged businesses. The characteristic independent spirit of the farmers made a successful close union impossible. After the Supreme Court took all the power out of the Granger legislation and the co-operatives failed, the movement faded out; but it was followed by a second agrarian revolt which was to be larger and more spectacular than the first.

The Populist movement had its beginning in two strong farmers' alliances—the Southern Alliance and the Northwestern Alliance. These two alliances were not combined at first, but they had many objectives in common. They officially united into a political party at their convention, which was held in 1891. The Southerners were hesitant about leaving the Democratic party, and thus splitting the white vote in the South.

*Jane Herring*

The Populists believed that the land and other natural resources in America were the heritage of all Americans, and that the government should prohibit the monopolization of these resources by a privileged few and should prevent foreign ownership. They advocated government ownership of the means of transportation and news transmission, the establishment of postal savings banks, inflation of the currency, free coinage of silver, a graduated income tax, the revision of the tariff and the reduction as far as possible of both state and federal revenues. They also advocated such reforms as the initiative and referendum, the Australian ballot, the popular election of United States Senators, universal suffrage.

In 1892 the first Populist's presidential candidate, Weaver, received twenty-two votes in the electoral college. The party's success was greater in state elections. They elected five Senators, ten congressmen, fifty state officials. In South Carolina Ben Tillman, an ardent Populist leader, was elected governor and later sent to the Senate. The reaction to the movement in the East was varied. Some scornfully ridiculed it, others feared it, some few saw the saneness of the program.

Populism reached its highest peak in the election of 1896. The Republicans had selected as their candidate McKinley, friend of Marc Hanna, the political boss. Their chief plank was the gold standard—"sound money." The Democrats frightened by the power of the Populists,

made a bid for their support in the election. They selected William Jennings Bryan and adopted free silver as their chief plank. Tom Watson, Georgia Populist, was put on the ticket for the vice-presidency. The Populists, except for a few radicals, joined forces with the Democrats. A fierce campaign followed. Bryan traveled widely, making speeches and giving out pamphlets. McKinley stayed at home and made a few short talks to select groups. Hanna took a tour of the West with a trainload of Federal Civil War veterans, trying to arouse the people's patriotism. As election day drew near, wild rumors were spread about what would happen to industry if Bryan won. Employees were told that if Bryan were elected they would lose their jobs, factories would close, chaos would result. McKinley was elected. Bryan carried the Solid South and eleven Western states. Sectional lines showed up plainly. Demand for agricultural products increased and prices rose; the gold supply increased and more money was in circulation. Populism died.

Hacker and Kendrick called the Populist party the last concerted stand of the farmers. Another such movement could be whinned up easily with labor and farm conditions as they are. A leader similar to the late Huey Long would not find it very difficult. Such a movement, if it were well led might find the solution to many of America's problems.

Both Grangerism and Populism originated among the farmers of the Middle West. The Tennessee group is composed of cultured South-

ern men and is divorced from its two predecessors. It has no political connections, and the members do not have a concerted program or definite plans for political action. They had been friends and correspondents for several years when they realized that they had similar ideas and convictions on the subject of agrarianism and the South. They have tried to instruct rather than to act. In doing this, they are not only paving the way for an active and intelligent movement in agrarianism; they are building up a conception of a complete society in all its aspects—political, social, and aesthetic.

These men are not romantic dreamers trying to re-establish the Old South as it was in 1860. Neither do they wish to burn all the factories. They realize that the South is essentially agrarian and will always be that way unless Northern capitalists are allowed further to exploit it. They do not wish to revive the whole past, but neither do they wish to discard it completely. They realize that many things can well be carried over or adopted from the past. In this they are definitely opposed to the Walter Hines Page group of "liberals" who wish to discard Southern traditions and institutions and adopt Northern ones in their place.

The Tennessee group, the conservatives, wish to keep alive the Southern traditions and culture, to keep these in the mind of young Southerners as a necessary part of any program to restore the South to greater importance politically and economically. It is tradition which binds people together, leads to the development of a fuller life and a higher culture. Religion is a more integral part of agrarian life. It has a more important place in a society where everything does not have to be reduced to facts which are based on scientific experimentation and laws. The arts find a fuller expression in an agrarian society. Better statesmen are produced in a country where the economic factions are more nearly balanced and one section does not dominate the nation. The Tennesseans realize that the masses in the North and the West stand in the same relation to Big Business that the South does.

Page's Southern followers are not alone in trying to make Southerners break away completely from their past. Northern propaganda in many forms, such as Southern newspapers subsidized by the North, prejudiced books, biased textbooks, has had its effect. The flaunting of

the overrated achievements of the North has made many Southerners dissatisfied, made them want to live in the North or make over the South with the North as a model.

To excuse the North's past and present exploitations of the South many Northerners ignore their own race problems and slum conditions and play up the Southern Negro and the tenant farmer problems. They have not yet realized that the South must work these out herself without any outside interference except government aid planned by Southerners.

The concentration of capital in the North has made the South helpless economically. It has been estimated that the North owns between 80 and 90 per cent of Southern capital. In the face of that it is not hard to figure just where the South and West stand economically. In the years since her great humiliation and defeat the South has never been given the opportunity to regain her self-respect. The Tennessee group is working toward this goal also.

They collaborated to publish the first book embodying their principles—*I'll Take My Stand* by Twelve Southerners. Each one contributed an essay on a phase of the movement. Other books on the subject have appeared since: *Who Owns America?*, another collection of essays, this one being edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate; *Land of the Free* by Herbert Agar; *Divided We Stand* by Walter Prescott Webb; *The Attack On Leviathan* by Donald Davidson. Magazine articles written by these same men and others have been published in the *Southern Review*, the *American Review*, the *Virginia Quarterly*, and occasionally in the *New Republic*.

Frank L. Owsley has perhaps come nearer to outlining definitely the objectives of the group than has any other member. He has listed the five chief objectives or "pillars," the first being the rehabilitation of the people now engaged in farming. The tenant would receive first attention. The agrarians propose that the government buy up land owned by insurance companies, banks, absentee landlords. Every tenant capable of assuming the responsibility would be given 80 acres of land, a small home, some pasture land, two mules, two cows, and \$300 to help him meet expenses the first year. Black and white tenants would be treated alike. Those tenant farmers who, because of bad health or

irresponsibility, would be unable to farm alone successfully would work for some intelligent person responsible for their welfare. A similar plan might be used in converting the technologically unemployed city-dwellers into self-supporting farmers. The agrarians believe that the ownership of a little property gives a man self-respect and results in his having sounder morals. This may seem to be a mad money spending program. However, as Mr. Owsley points out, the government is now experimenting with a homestead project under which \$2500 is spent on each home.

Under the rehabilitation plan subsistence farming would be emphasized, with money crops coming second. The land would be carefully protected. If a farmer rehabilitated by the government failed after a specified number of years to prove himself capable of managing his farm, the land would automatically be returned to the government. The mortgaging of one of these farms would not be permitted. Neither would the farmers be allowed to sell their land to speculators. Land-owners who had gotten their land by purchase or inheritance would be fined if

their land was not kept in good condition.

The agrarians also advocate the establishment of regional governments vested with more power than the state governments. The Federal Government would still have control of such things as war, peace, the army, the navy, commerce between the states and regions. The tariff question would be settled by a compromise and tariff rates would probably be flexible; that is, they might vary in the different regions, although there would be no inter-regional tariff. Representation in Congress and the Supreme Court would be equal and regional. Under this plan each region would have occupations best suited to its climate and no one region would try to force its culture and ways of life upon another.

This new agrarian movement is very young, but already it is attracting much favorable attention. If these men are successful in preparing the people intellectually for a successful agrarian program and able political leaders are found to direct it, the next agrarian revolt may have a very different ending from the first two.

WHITE FOR ALICE

The moon and the clouds are soft—how soft the night

*And the sweet-sharp smell of Carolina pines . . .
How breathless is this night! The dogwood tree
Alone is full and heavy, dipping low,
And the blossoms in the night are slow and white.*

*This is a breathless night! The wonder here . . .
And the glamour . . . pluck a blossom for your hair—*

*A dogwood blossom, soft and smooth and white,
And if it dies, another waits. Your hand
Will be a blossom, too, and fling away
Unwanted, wilted blossoms . . . with each
Spring*

*The dogwood blossoms die. The crickets sing
And the moon glides furtively behind a cloud...
The pines and the night are still . . . how still
the night!*

And the dogwood in the stillness, pale and white . . .

LOUETTE GLASER.

The College Woman

By Bettie Harward

THREE is something quite disconcerting in seeing pretty, feminine heads bent over a complicated problem of calculus, concentrating to the "nth degree" on making x equal 9^{2y} . It is equally disturbing to watch white-clothed figures file from the chemistry laboratory into the dusk and wonder if being able to detect iodine in a solution of mercuric-chloride will be of any aid years hence when the baby starts squalling in the middle of the night and husband starts growling about the hard day he'll have at the office tomorrow and wishes that "damn kid" would hush.

It is, in other words, one of the most profound mysteries in the world to me why parents send their fairly good-looking, average-brained daughters "off to school." It is said that some of our "brazen" college women actually admit that they *wish* to get married after finishing school. What a thankless task it must be for parents to sacrifice to send their rosy-cheeked lassies to an institution of higher learning only to have this assertion thrown at them! It would seem that daughter, with all her paid-for knowledge, could go on to bigger and better things, perhaps even to inspire the world—or at least compensate Mama and Papa for all their sacrifices. The question of inspiring the world is usually settled with an eighty-dollar-a-month job teaching in the public schools of the state. Unless daughter has not already caught on, this is assumed to be the initial step toward firing the world—and incidentally compensating Mama and Papa by assuming her own support.

This solution is not so bad for Mama and Papa, but pity poor daughter. She soon realizes that teachers are born—not made. She observes that the power to inspire thirty frowsy heads and sniffling noses is something inherent, not acquirable. Having realized her own inadequacy, she puts up a brave front to Mama and Papa and struggles through the monotonous days on end—waiting—no doubt for a man.

Practically any man will do. The knight-in-armour-charging-on-his-snow-white-steed myth

is laid away with the rest of her hopes. What she wants is relief from those days of irksome sameness—teaching. Needless to say, the man usually appears; there is a "brilliant wedding," widely publicized in the county bi-weekly; Mama and Papa assume a satisfied and faintly relieved air, and daughter goes off to live with husband and treasure in the attic of her mind the things she might have had.

The husband who rescued her is listed in the paper as a "promising young business man. A member of the Elks, the Moose, the Lions, et cetera, et cetera." The fact that it was a hard struggle for him to finish high school is omitted, but his aspirations for the Senate are well known. He never had a thought beyond the community, and those thoughts were in terms of what it could get him. Daughter, now wife, lets her mind become stagnant; her grammar begins to fail her, and she uses "he took Jane and I" while her contemporaries beam placidly at her most extraordinary diction—but she still maintains her position as a "college woman."

Her dismal years of teaching fade away and in retrospect seem not at all undesirable. Her college days become emblazoned, and she remembers them as days of little worry and great promise. Some morning, while snatching a glance at the paper, she reads of an ex-classmate who has won a Pulitzer prize; or of a brilliant woman politician ("Why, I knew her!") who has just been appointed American ambassador to Lithuania. This will, have no doubt cause her to cry into her dish water and berate her husband for dampening her career. After all, she could have had a career; she is a "college woman."

She forgets that those successful classmates had been exceptional students, either from a scholastic or a personal point of view, before they ever came to college, and were true "college women."

Ah, "college woman"—that is a phrase dear to the hearts of the small town's "four hundred." Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College

said, many years ago, that the typical woman college graduate was considered well-educated if she could converse freely (not necessarily intelligently) on three subjects—her clothes, her courses, and men. The veracity of Miss Gildersleeve's statement can hardly be questioned after one has sat in on a small town literary club meeting. Inevitably, the club divides itself into two groups: those who, during the discussion, chime in with "when I was in school—I think it was in British Poetry under Miss Smyth—wasn't it, Sarah?" And the other group.

The college woman holds her position in sacred trust. Not for a moment are her associates allowed to forget that she is the proud possessor of a college education. She can afford to let her figure become buxom and matronly; she can dispense with corsets and like enhancements because she has her superior mind to cultivate. Quite often Husband begins looking to other fields for companionship because Wife is too occupied with her garden-club and charity-organization career. Her children, with the background of a home filled with slick magazines (never read) and dinner table talk of clubs and papers to be written, find themselves

ill equipped for high school. And the college graduate mother is highly incensed; she raises no little fuss with the local high school faculty about this. "When I taught, I could recognize the superiority of children whose parents were educated."

Yes, indeed, the president of the literary club or of the local Community Chest or of any other organization is, nine times out of ten, a college woman—not because she makes the best president, but because she must be more capable, being a "college woman."

Oh, yes, year after year, Mamas and Papas must scrimp and save to send their beaming cherubs "off to school" to be properly prepared for their "meet and right" places in society. Year after year, our campuses must be over-run with pretty girls—girls whose minds, in the majority of cases, are occupied solely with thoughts of the nearest man's school; girls who are more interested in the image given back from the compact mirror than the grade on the test paper; girls who pay for their knowledge and carry it around in their notebooks.

RONDEAU

*When breath is fled the brow grows cold,
And silently the watchers fold
The winding sheet around.
You who on earth no peace have found
May find it underneath the mold.*

*Your friends a solemn conclave hold;
Your virtues o'er and o'er are told.
But there should be no sound
When breath is fled.*

*Your breath was like a garment sold
By inches, day by day, for gold
To purchase life. I found
You with a wealth of silence crowned.
The rules of life no longer hold
When breath is fled.*

REBECCA PRICE.

*"Our college days run swiftly by,
And all too soon we part."*

WE, the senior editors, cannot say what our work on the magazine has meant to us, or what it has meant to the magazine. We can only speak a parting word or so tinged with the sadness and sentiment that graduation brings. Working here together we have learned the meaning of friendship, of cooperation, of service; we have seen that future progress in the magazine means a wider reading public, a greater number of contributors, an increase in quality of material submitted; we have seen that our own futures to be worthwhile must be founded on ambition, courage, and willingness to serve.

*"And as we serve our hearts will turn
Oh college, dear, to you."*

GEORGIA ARNETT.

CORADDI

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Greensboro, North Carolina

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May, 1938

Volume 42, Number 4

WITH every new staff comes new minds, new methods, and new philosophies, but the final aim of each, literary excellence, remains constant. Over a period of years *Coraddi* has sought that excellence in quality, in quantity, and in scope of copy; and it has progressed both by instructive blunders and by positive improvements to its present standards. And *Coraddi* must still grow. We believe that a student magazine should include, in addition to the various forms of creative writing, some representations of scholastic efforts, some of current history, some of contemporary trends, and some of modern personalities. We believe, further, that such topics can be presented in pure yet readable literary style. It is, then toward good quality of style, toward breadth of material and toward a larger *Coraddi* that we shall work in the coming year.

ELIZABETH BROWN.

Over the Editor's Shoulder

OUR eyes have been opened recently to the propaganda drives in foreign countries—Fascist propaganda in Italy, Nazi propaganda in Germany, Bolshevik propaganda in Russia. We deplore a situation in which the masses of a country are led to believe only what the government would have them believe.

But the people in those countries at least know that what they read or see on the screen is loaded with the bias of government officials. Without lavishing too much pity on our foreign brothers, let us look at our own country—at ourselves. As students, most of us have come to recognize Hearst and Curtis publications and cartoons by Carlyle and Darling (not to mention Harold Grey's innocent little comic strip) as conservative propaganda. We have come to believe that Fox Movietone and other newsreels have loaded their facts to please their reactionary producers. Simultaneously we realize that there are thousands of people who, without knowing that our press and screen are throttled by vested interests, fail to see how insidiously they are being educated to support causes that may be to their own detriment.

With a feeling of security and immunity to propaganda, we tend to pity those who cannot recognize juggled facts and figures. Yet we, too, are besieged with constant flurries of more veiled propaganda directed at those who would

call themselves the "educated class." Ironically enough our textbooks—books of supposedly bare facts for use in classwork take advantage of many opportunities to shape viewpoints by overemphasis on certain phases of history, economics, or literature. Our periodic trips to the movies may find us carefully scrutinizing "The March of Time" for misrepresentations—but do they find us rebelling against militarist propaganda in sentimental army and navy pictures or anti-red propaganda in criminal pictures?

If we educate ourselves to guard against conservative propaganda, we often lean too far to the other direction and accept radical propaganda as fact. Such few red magazines, papers, and handbills as may survive the redbaiters are themselves packed with undercurrents—no matter how sane the whole may seem—of prejudice.

However platitudinous it may sound, we, as college students, are in the age when our philosophy of life and government must develop. We should have—and do have—the right to form our own opinions. But our opinions will be *our own* only if we are careful and discriminating. Between the lines of nearly everything we see there is a subtle manifestation of the author's bias. We must look at all sides of a question, determine each author's viewpoint, strive to cull from amid the streams of propaganda facts on which to base our judgments.

SKETCHES

On Etiquette

THE art of being frank has been replaced by the subterfuge of slithering flattery.

The art of mutual respect between friends has deteriorated into the pusillanimity of polite venom between "social equals". Even the good old-fashioned butcher-knife murder has been superceded by a dainty ice pick affair which is less crude, perhaps, but certainly less satisfying. This revolution is one of the complexities of our very new "civilization". Those who know call it "Etiquette"; it may be defined as the pre-prepared correct response of an organism to the pre-prepared correct nonentity of another organism. Etiquette is only a shellacked apology for the social system which allows us no solitude for the development of personality.

Present society, which founded Etiquette, is characterized by three outstanding types of people: the honest, the rationalizing, and the self-centered.

The first exercise all probity alike in their analyses and treatment of others. They are obviously outside the realm of Etiquette, but are too small a fraction to be more than a transitory problem. They are of two subdivisions: those of extremely inadequate intelligence, and those simple backwoods souls whose environment has been unfortunate. State laws against, and public disapproval of, the intermarriage of idiots is gradually weeding out the former class; the lawn mower tactics of Etiquette in school, church, and women's clubs are cutting down the number of the latter.

Many belong to the group of rationalizers. Rationalization, as the argument one presents to convince others he was justified in doing that which he knows he should not have done, is negligible in effect. It is merely a matter of Etiquette that one give his friends some excuse for the inexcusable in a society so interdependent that one can never be separated from one's associates. Rationalization is just a necessary consideration for those whom we can but affect if we act at all. Everybody asks it, everybody offers it, and nobody believes it.

The self-centered are represented in their rudimentary attributes by George Bernard Shaw. Those who have not passed beyond this fundamental stage are few, and usually have deliberately retarded their own progress by way of being "different". It is this state of suspended development which is mistaken for individuality in modern society. In their final metamorphoses the self-centered "aim to please", for their own advancement. If need be, they are as sympathetic as salad dressing or as impartial as grapefruit, according to their immediate company. They are debonair, they are charming, and they are utterly irresponsible. But they are masters of the intricacies of Etiquette, of genteel blah (if I may—), and society rewards them with its carefully polished rhinestones.

It is all very simple—Etiquette. One enters a room and there is Mrs. X under a new hat. So one pauses dramatically on the threshold, outwardly entranced (probably cringing inwardly), then with artistic fervor cries, "My dear, your hat—so becoming—quite youthful—you really look wonderful!" Now Mrs. X may be fifty and perversely tawdry, and the hat may make her look bilious, but one must give no sign. For Mrs. X may also be The Social Queen of the community and she bought the hat with firm faith in her good taste and its ability to lift away the years. Woe be unto the misguided ambitious who forgets. Errors of Etiquette are fatal.

I have seen it happen. I observed a husband once whose wife had taught him to say "lovely". And he said it. The sunset was "lovely", the shells were "lovely", the breeze was "lovely", the sand dunes were "lovely", the children were "lovely"—indeed, everything was "lovely". And envious males, oggling matrons, and simpering sixteens heard his eloquence in reverential silence. Then one day he slipped. A baby northwester squatted squalling on the horizon, and my gallant shouted above the din, "We'd better get off this island. Looks bad. That's a lovely cloud back there." Almost visibly his hard-earned halo faded. He had said the right thing at the wrong time; he had overstepped the boundaries of form, and Etiquette demanded retribution. For Etiquette forgives not ignorance nor temporary lack of self-restraint.

But one learns the impassable limits quickly. The beginner may lose an occasional night's

MAY, 1938

sleep in choosing the most subtly complimentary comment to soothe some irascible dignitary who controls the larder room of small success. But thought is not an asset to Etiquette, and your beginner soon progresses to the assinilities which are a natural, though sometimes latent, talent of mankind. Rather is thought tedious and uninteresting; it falls with flat dullness on the polyhedral conglomeration that is society.

For thought invites pithy criticism of existing institutions, such as Etiquette, and criticism today is ostracised as an unadulterated harm. When Emerson wrote his *Essay on Criticism* humanity was such that a timely word of warning sank into an appreciative soul and made a guiding light; today, that word would but scratch a glazed surface, making a marring disfiguration. No, thought is of the school of loneliness, and we are of the school of unending companionship.

And that unending companionship denies us the pleasure, or pain, of our own acquaintance; so that we have no selves beyond a set of masks designed to express that which personality was meant to feel. We call those masks "Etiquette".

ELIZABETH BROWN.

tion after question smoked out each fugitive piece of information. Yes, he worked in a Harlan restaurant with his wife. Oh, yes, he knew Sheriff Middleton. Yes, the sheriff had asked his wife to lure the organizers from the United States Workers of America one by one to a lonely road, and then jump from the car and run away so that the sheriff's deputies might shoot the organizers for "molesting" a woman. Yes, one hundred dollars per organizer was good money, but his wife just wouldn't do it. No, he had nothing further to add to Mrs. Howard's testimony.

Quietly he walked to the back of the room, stepping with stiff knees. He did not look at the corner where the "black hats," the deputy sheriffs, lolled. He did not watch them score his testimony against them; it was a small addition to the revelations already made of their lawlessness and disregard of human life. His face was the grayish mask of one who looks on death and fears.

Before the spring had lost itself in summer, he was shot in Harlan.

JANE GILLETT.

No Further Testimony

L A W R E N C E HOWARD, of Harlan County, Kentucky, sat in the witness chair, clasping and unclasping his hands. Before him towered a white horseshoe behind which Senator LaFollette and Senator Thomas regarded the committee room. On either side of the two members of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee sat several lawyers, the men who had been working for months collecting evidence used in this investigation. Behind the witness, small folding chairs for the public crowded each other. A burly policeman stood at the door refusing entrance to latecomers. Even the standing room was filled.

Mr. Howard stared at the senators. He plainly longed to be dismissed without testifying. Shrinking into himself, he glanced quickly from left to right—a hunted creature. Slowly, ques-

The Tragical Tale of Alicia Van Witte

*Alicia Van Witte was unusually bright,
A damsel of high aspiration.
To college she went in the bloom of her youth,
To round out a square education.*

*So several sessions ensuing she spent,
Traversing the vast halls of knowledge,
With diligent digging of deep-rooted lore
That is current with "going to college."*

*Then finally sallied she forth in the world
With problems of living to grapple,
And found with dismay, all she knew was passé,
Except truckin' down the "Big Apple."*

ELLEN MEADE WILSON.

REVIEWS

books

THAT Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings has lived in close contact with the inland Floridians of the "hammock country" is evidenced by the minuteness with which she presents one year of the Baxters' life in *The Yearling*. But it is clear that while Mrs. Rawlings has an examining mind, she also has an imaginative one; the Baxters' simple existence somehow assumes the proportions of a compelling adventure which one must follow to the very end.

The story follows one main road and several sideroads; the main road is the growth of Jody—the twelve-year-old son of Penny Baxter—until, with his pet fawn, Flag, he becomes a yearling. Among the sideroads are Penny Baxter's battle with the soil and with the marauding bear, Slewfoot; and the enmity of the savage, giant Forresters against Grandma Hutto's son.

Of all the characters, however, Jody stands alone. From the very start, Jody is actuated by a desire for "something of his own." When he finds the little fawn, Flag, he is enchanted with it and pours into it the strong love of which he is capable. It is through a crisis brought on by Flag in the latter part of the story that Jody struggles from childhood into manhood or "yearling" growth.

Watching over Jody with more than paternal care is Penny Baxter, for whose physique the nick-name "Penny" is apt, but whose breadth of mind and character is great. It is not only his honesty, his dignity, and his resoluteness which make Penny a "big" man; it is his dry wit and his sympathetic understanding of Jody, as seen for example in the remark, "Leave him kick up his heels and run away. Leave him build his flutter mills. The day'll come, he'll not even care to."

Quite an addition to the book are the decorations by Edward Shenton. First of all, they are boldly done and are in accord with the simplicity of the material in *The Yearling*. Furthermore, the illustrations are inserted at the

beginning of each chapter and catch not only the crux of the action in that chapter, but also the spirit which tones the whole book.

That a primitive life is so happily pictured in *The Yearling* might indicate that Mrs. Rawlings is a supporter of the contemporary agrarian philosophy. Whether she wrote the book with such an intention in mind, or whether her own great interest in that particular region led her to make her story persuasively sympathetic irrespective of current movements, *The Yearling* does charm one into a "back to the land" frame of mind.

VIRGINIA WOOD.

Antoniorrobes, *Tales of Living Playthings*. (Translated by Edward Huberman). Modern Age Books, Inc. 1938. 50c.

CHILDREN'S stories for adults are hardly new in the world of literature. Lewis Carroll, Robert Louis Stevenson, A. A. Milne, and Snow White have all received more recognition from adults than from children. Now a recently translated Spanish writer, Antoniorrobes, is following a well-established tradition. He has retained that ability which separates children from all but a few exceptional adults, the ability to ascribe extraordinary powers to ordinary things. His appeal to more adult readers lies in the very fact that no concessions are made to "grownup" ideas; these are children's stories as the very young might imagine them. For that reason, they form a convenient vehicle for return to childhood fancies.

Tales of Living Playthings, however, is not a book of fairy tales. There are no witches or fairy godmothers, gingerbread houses or pumpkin coaches. Antoniorrobes needs no fairy wand to make eight tin soldiers play house in a snowball or to make an old felt hat a faithful and playful friend. Instead of mythical princesses, the stories are peopled with little boys, their families, their toys, and their surroundings.

Just as the story of *Ferdinand, the Bull* seems a lesson in pacifism, so here Antoniorrobes may be accused of propagandizing for worker's solidarity. (Propaganda may be too strong a word for these stories, which were written to amuse children.) One of the most charming tales, "The Runaway Auto," shows this philosophy. Seven little automobiles decided they would like

to see the world, but without men at their wheels to mistreat them. By the light of the moon they drove out of the automobile factory onto the white highways of Villasonar de Los Motores. The police chased them for miles (on horseback because the police autos refused to chase their brothers) until three of the little autos died and four were caught. The captives were returned to the factory and chained to the wall, from which position they incited other new little automobiles to revolt against their future life of slavery. Unfortunately, the rebellion was unsuccessful, but the man who owns the automobile factory is more considerate of them than before. "Now the automobiles are somewhat happier, and there has been no automobile strike for a long time." In a similar spirit, a mirror which was badly treated and finally broken by the Garci-Sartens was avenged by his successor, who, by reflecting what he wished, made the whole family dress in a most ridiculous fashion.

Antoniorrobes has a popularity with Spanish children that contemporary American writers for juveniles have not achieved. It will be interesting to notice the reception given his first-translated book. Great credit for whatever success the book may have, which promises to be considerable, must go to the translator, Edward Huberman. Mr. Huberman has given us a sensitive translation which has retained all the charm of the original Spanish stories. At the same time Fritz Eichenberg must be commended for his simple and amusing illustrations, which are so important a part of any children's book.

Antoniorrobes' talent for story telling makes *Tales of Living Playthings* so interesting that even the more adult reader is unlikely to forget the narrative in considering the possible social implications. The social implications, however, are there.

JANE GILLETT.

Screen

THE art of creating a character that can become the vehicle of good humor and good will is rare." If Walt Disney were to be judged according to the number of such characters that he has created, he might deservedly be named the possessor of a most unusual American art. For Mr. Disney's craftsmanship has consisted of originating and perpetuating animated pictures, pictures whose popularity is now international.

Perhaps a review of Disney's prize-winning pictures for the last few years might indicate the upward trends in his work which have helped to popularize his cartoons. In 1932 came Disney's "Flowers and Trees," the first cartoon ever to be made in Technicolor; in 1933 came "Three Little Pigs," prize-winner for that year, which with its refrain of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" turned out to be the most popular animated cartoon ever made; in 1934, "The Tortoise and the Hare" illustrated Mr. Disney's ability to put fables into motion; in 1935, "Three Orphan Kittens" gambolled through prankish adventures in an unfamiliar house; and in 1936, "The Country Cousin", in which life was pictured as a country mouse saw it in a big city.

But now we have Disney's newest and biggest adventure, the fairy tale, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" done in feature length, in Technicolor, and filmed by a multiplane camera which gives the pictures perspective and distance. Here the animated cartoon is at its zenith, effecting a massed display of the improvement in color quality and animation which were gradually notable from the first reel in 1932 to the prize-award cartoon, "The Country Cousin" in 1936. Here the tireless zeal and creative talent of Walt Disney have advanced the animated cartoon a league further into the recognition of world critics.

VIRGINIA WOOD.

CONTRIBUTORS



Jamie Burford, whose wood sculpture appears as the frontispiece, is a junior art major. Her best work has been in wood carving. Mrs. Callie Braswell is a college graduate. She is supplementing her former work by studying art at the Woman's College. Watercolor and oil are her best mediums. Her illustration for "The Least of These" was done in watercolor. Jane Herring's work has appeared in the magazine for the last two years. She is a Sophomore art major. Elizabeth Blair is a Sophomore art major. She has contributed to *Coraddi* before, both in art and in fiction.

Margaret Coit is a freshman of diverse interests. She has read widely and has been interested in writing for years. Her feature articles have often appeared in the *Carolinian* and her story of the Miami hurricane appeared in the last issue of *Coraddi*. After reading nearly all the accounts of the life and personality of Stokowski that our library has to offer she has presented to our readers a discussion of this great conductor and of his challenge to America.

Arlene Littlefield is a junior from New England. "The Last of These" is a story based on her home locality. She has carried out the regional trend in fiction by her setting and by her character development.

Louette Glaser's "Youth Against Insecurity" is a sequel to her "Youth Against Fascism" which appeared in an earlier issue this year. Her articles are an attempt to disprove the often repeated idea that youth has become lethargic and has lost interest in current affairs. "White for Alice" was written to Alice Sircom, a fellow-sophomore.

Rebecca Price, winner of the short-story award in December and author of two previous feature poems, has written the feature poem for this issue. It is based on an imaginary but dramatic incident which might have occurred during the Nazi purging of the Vienna library.

Adrienne Wormser needs no introduction. She is one of the oldest of our contributors and has long been a member of *Coraddi* staff. "Blue Bonnets" (incidentally her last contribution to the magazine) is based on an old Indian legend.

Ellen Meade Wilson transferred to the college last fall. One of her humorous poems, "The Gentle Seamstress" appeared in our March issue. In this issue we have a second of her poems and a story which maintains the same sparkling humor of her poems.

Katherine Causey is a senior and a member of *Coraddi* staff. She has written the discussion of foreign affairs for the *Carolinian* this year, and her "British Realism" shows the aptitude with which she can handle the perplexing problems of today.

Susannah Thomas is a junior. She has been introduced to our readers before. They will remember her two camp sketches of the fall issue. "White Meat, Please" shows the simple and yet interesting touch she gives to subjects with which she is familiar.

Elizabeth Pettigrew is new on these pages. She is a sophomore and has been writing for some time for other college publications. Her article on agrarianism was inspired by a desire to disprove the popular conception that the agrarian is a mere dreamer.

Bettie Harward is a junior, an English major and a member of *Coraddi* staff. "The College Woman" is the first of her work to appear this year, but our last year's readers will remember her story, "The Sermon was as Usual."

Jane Gillett is a promising freshman contributor. Her sketch and review in this issue continue the thoughtfulness and clear style of her article on Filene published last fall in *Coraddi*.

Virginia Wood made her first contribution, a review of *The Turning Wheels*, for our last issue. Her thoughtful criticism is again exhibited in her reviews for this issue. She is a junior and an English major. Our readers will hear more from her next year.



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tobacco because
we grow it..."**

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco know what to smoke—Camels!"

"Last year I had the dan-diest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I know that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction other planters got top prices from the Camel buyers too when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco growing business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

**"We smoke
Camels because
we know tobacco"**

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. Camels have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."



JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.



DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a double reason to be interested in good digestion—as a chef and as a ball player. On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

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PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCO
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE** TOBACCO... Turkish and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

**TOBACCO
PLANTERS SAY**